A

NEW-YEAR's GIFT

TO

THE DEMOCRATS;

OR

OBSERVATIONS

ON

A PAMPHLET,

ENTITLED,

"A VINDICATION

OF

Mr. RANDOLPH's RESIGNATION."

BY PETER PORCUPINE.

"For *gold* defiles by frequent touch;
"There's nothing fouls the hand so much.
"But as his paws *he strove to scower*,
"He washed away the chemic power;
"And *Midas* now neglected stands,
"With *asses ears* and *dirty hands*."

SWIFT.

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PREFACE.

THE *democrats and I have long been in the friendly habit of making preſents to each other; and, this being a ſeaſon of the year when an interchange of civilities of this kind is more particularly looked for, I was juſt turning about me for a ſubject that might ſerve as ſome little mark of my attention, when the vindication of Mr. Randolph's reſignation made its long-looked-for appearance.*

If the reader knows any thing of the democrats, he will allow, that this vindication is moſt eminently calculated to furniſh me with the means of making them a grateful offering: and I was the more anxious to be prompt in the performance of this duty of etiquette, as, from their preſent formidable ſituation, it was to be feared, that they might have the will as well as the power to turn their vengeance againſt me, in caſe of the ſlighteſt neglect.

When we take a view of their affairs for a year paſt, it is impoſſible not to percieve that they are wonderfully improved. They have had addreſs ſufficient to ſtir up the mob to burn the greateſt part of the Federal Senators

*in effigy; they have dared publickly and vilely to traduce the Preſident of the United States; their own preſident has been elected a member of the legiſlature of Pennſylvania; the legiſlature of Virginia has declared in their favour; and a freſh importation of theives and traitors * from Ireland are daily expected to arrive. Theſe are great and ſolid advantages, and when we add to them the* " precious confeſſions," *which they may, by the help of* " ſome thouſands of dollars," *be able to draw from their new and* communicative *brother, we cannot help regarding their club as the riſing ſun of this country.*

To this great luminary, then, I kneel; not to aſk a boon, but to offer one; and ſuch a one as I hope will be acceptable, as its great object is to commemorate actions flowing from the pureſt principles of democracy.

PHILADELPHIA, 1ſt. January, 1796.

* See the Democratiad, page 13.

A

NEW YEAR's GIFT, &c.

AMONG the means employed by the anarchical Aſſemblies of France, in the propagation of their deteſtable principles, that of corruption may be regarded as one of the moſt powerful, and, accordingly, it has ever ſhared a principal part of their attention. If we take a ſurvey of their confiſcations, proſcriptions and aſſaſſinations, from the ſeizure of the property of the eccleſiaſtics, by the Conſtituent Aſſembly, down to the horrid butcheries of Carrier, we ſhall find that this has often been a leading motive for perpetrating of thoſe deeds, which will blacken the French name as long as honeſty and humanity ſhall be eſteemed amongſt men. It is, at leaſt, an object of which they have never loſt ſight, and which they have ſpared nothing to accompliſh. They have ranſacked the coffers of the rich, ſtripped poverty of its very rags, robbed the infant of its birth-right, wrenched the crutch from the hand of tottering old age, and, joining ſacrilege to burglary, have plundered even the altars of God, in order to poſſeſs themſelves of the means of corrupting degenerate foreigners.

That their plans of ſeduction have been but too ſucceſsful they themſelves avow. Like the gang of highwaymen in the ſubterraneous cave, each mounts

the polluted tribune in his turn, and tells his tale of corruption. According to their own acknowledgements, they have expended millions upon millions in this commerce of conſciences, ſince they have called their country a republic; and, which is well worthy of remark, theſe immenſe ſums have all been expended, with a trifling exception, in the republican ſtates that have condeſcended to fraternize with them. The patriots of Geneva and Holland, of Genoa and Switzerland, have been bought with the treaſures extorted from the unhappy French. The two former ſtates are, in every political point of view, annihilated, and the two latter exiſt as a proof, that ſtates as well as individuals may ſometimes triumph in ſucceſsful baſeneſs and venality.

The people of the United States of America had not the mortification to ſee their country included in the dark catalogue; and, though it was evident to every diſcerning man, that ſome ſuch influence began to prevail, in different parts of the Union, ſoon after the arrival of Citizen Genet; though it was impoſſible to account for the foundation of the Democratic Clubs, and for the countenance they received from many perſons of weight and authority [particularly in the State of Pennſylvania, where the ſecretary of the ſtate was at the head of the Mother Club] upon any other principle; though people were daily ſeen acting in direct oppoſition to their apparant intereſts; and though the partizans of France did not heſitate openly to declare their enmity to the Preſident of the United States and to the government he had been choſen to adminiſter; notwithſtanding all theſe ſtriking and well-known facts, the great body of the people would have regarded any one as a ſlanderer of their national character, who ſhould have inſinuated, that the ſecrets of their government, and their moſt important intereſts, were the price of that ſudden exaltation that every

where appeared among the perſons devoted to the will of the French miniſter. The people might have remained in this deluſive confidence, 'till their conſtitution had been ſubverted, and 'till they had been plunged into a calamitous foreign war, or driven to the dire neceſſity of ſhedding each other's blood, had it not been for the accidental interception of the letter, that has led to the *Vindication* on which I have here undertaken to make a few obſervations.

Before I enter on the Vindication itſelf, two circumſtances preſent themſelves as ſubjects of preliminary obſervation: the *time*, and the *manner*, of its being introduced to the public.

Mr. Randolph informs us, that he gave in his reſignation on the 19th of Auguſt, in conſequence of his having been interrogated on the contents of an intercepted letter of the French miniſter, Citizen Fauchet; and we all know, that his Vindication, if vindication it muſt be, did not appear 'till the 18th of December; a ſpace of exactly four months, wanting one day. When he had given in his reſignation, he did not remain at Philadelphia to court the inquiry that he talks ſo much of, but flew away to Rhode Iſland, in order to overtake Mr. Fauchet, by whoſe very letter he ſtood accuſed, and to obtain from him a certificate of his *innocence* and *morality*. We ſhall ſee by and by how he was employed during his ſtay at Rhode Iſland; at preſent we muſt follow him back to Philadelphia, where we find him arrived on the 21ſt of September, thirty three days after his departure, and writing to the Preſident of the United States, to inform him, that he is preparing his Vindication with all imaginable diſpatch; and of this he had taken care to inform the public ſeveral days before. After this notification, it was impoſſible that the people ſhould not hourly expect to ſee, *in the public papers*, an elucidation of the whole affair. What then muſt be their

aſtoniſhment, when, after having waited with the utmoſt impatience for three long weeks, they were given to underſtand, that the boaſting Vindicator could not cloſe his laborious performance, without having acceſs to certain other papers of a confidential nature! The requeſt for theſe papers, all evaſive and malicious as it was, was at once granted by the Preſident. This pretended obſtacle being removed, one would have imagined that ſhame would have prevented him from framing further delays; but, alas! ſhame has but little power, when honour has deſerted the breaſt.

Two months longer was the publication put off, and we now find it to contain no more original matter than any man, accuſtomed to writing, would have prepared for the preſs in the ſpace of ſix or ſeven days at moſt. That the Vindicator has not amuſed himſelf in poliſhing his ſtyle, every one will allow that reads him. Beſides, a man, whoſe reputation is ſuſpended, and who is conſcious of his innocence, does not waſte his precious time in the pointing of a thought, or the rounding of a period. Truth needs no embelliſhment.

The Vindicator's motives for this delay are not difficult to be divined. He wanted time to ſpread reports to the prejudice of the Preſident, and to prepare the minds of the people in his own favour: hence the idle tales of a Britiſh faction, and hence the pitiful pleadings of the *Calm Obſerver*. It was probable, too, that, by delaying the publication till after the meeting of congreſs, it might be brought out at a moment when ſome deciſion of that body, reſpecting the Treaty, might irritate the feelings of the people againſt the preſident's conduct; and, by directing their attention to that part of the Vindication intended to criminate him, might turn the ſhaft of the ircenſure from the Vindicator himſelf. Beſides, Mr. Randolph had not been ſo aſſiduous a ſtu-

dier of the temper of the multitude (for the multitude was all he could hope to deceive) to be ignorant, that their minds, after being kept ſo long on the ſtretch, would begin to relax; and that indifference would ſucceed to curioſity. In ſhort, independent of every other conſideration, to gain time, we may well ſuppoſe, was with him a capital object. To this he was led by the motive common to all men in his ſituation: every one endeavours to put off the evil hour; and he juſtly regarded the hour of the appearance of his Vindication, as that in which he would be ſwung off into eternal ignominy.

However, whether any or all of theſe motives, were the real cauſe of the procraſtination, or not, is a matter of great indifference; I defy any one to account for it in a way compatible with his honour. He knew that he ſtood accuſed of a moſt heinous offence againſt his country, and had he been confident, nay had he hoped, that he was in poſſeſſion of the teſtimony of his innocence, he never would have witheld it ſo long.

Nor ſhall we find, that the *manner* of his introducing his Vindication to the public ſpeaks more in his favour.

In his letter of reſignation, he ſays to the Preſident: "I am ſatisfied, Sir, that you will acknow-"ledge one piece of juſtice on this occaſion, which "is, that until an inquiry can be made, *the affair* "*ſhall continue in ſecrecy under your injunction.*" But, after his return from Rhode-Iſland, knowing that the Preſident could not lay an injunction for the time paſt, and knowing alſo, that a copy of the dreadful diſpatch was in the hands of Mr. Bond, on whom the Preſident could lay no injunction at all, he ſuſpected the affair had got abroad, which was, indeed, the caſe; it was then, and not before, that, making a virtue of neceſſity, he inform-

ed the public, by publiſhing a letter he had written to the Preſident, that he would prepare a Vindication of his conduct.

After this he ſuffered the matter to reſt for ſome time, and then publiſhed an extract from another letter to the Preſident, dated the 8th of October, in the following words: "You muſt be ſenſible, Sir, "that I am inevitably driven into the diſcuſſion of "many confidential and delicate points. I could "with ſafety immediately appeal to the people of the "United States, who can be of no party. But I ſhall "wait for your anſwer to this letter, ſo far as it reſ-"pects the paper deſired, before I forward to you "my general letter, which is delayed for no other "cauſe. I ſhall alſo rely that you will conſent to "the whole of this affair, howſoever confidential "and delicate, being exhibited to the world.—— "At the ſame time I preſcribe to myſelf this condi-"tion, not to mingle any thing which I do not ſin-"cerely conceive to belong to the ſubject."

By this ſtroke our Vindicator imagined, he had reduced the Preſident to a dilemma, from which he would be unable to extricate himſelf. He thought that the Preſident's circumſpect diſpoſition would lead him to refuſe the communication of the paper demanded; and, in that caſe, he would have impreſſed on the public mind an idea of its containing ſomething, at once capable of acquitting himſelf, and of criminating the Preſident. And, ſhould the paper be granted, he hoped that he ſhould be able to make ſuch comments on it, as would, at leaſt, render the chief of the executive as odious as himſelf.

The Preſident did not balance a moment on the courſe he ſhould take. "It is not difficult," ſays he in his anſwer, "to perceive what your objects "are; but that you may have no cauſe to complain "of the withholding any paper (however private and

" confidential), which you ſhall think neceſſary in a
" caſe of ſo ſerious a nature, I have directed that
" you ſhould have the inſpection of my letter of the
" 22d of July, agreeably to your requeſt: and you
" are at full liberty to publiſh, without reſerve, *any*
" and *every* private and confidential letter I ever
" wrote you; nay more, every word I ever uttered
" to, or in your preſence, from whence you can
" derive any advantage in your juſtification."

I am ſorry that the bounds, within which I propoſe to confine myſelf, do not permit me to give the reader the whole of this noble letter; here, however, is ſufficient to prove the generous deportment of the writer. Theſe extracts moſt eminently depict the minds of the parties: in one we hear the bold, the undaunted language of conſcious integrity, and, in the other, the faultering accents of guilt.

Baffled in this project of recrimination, the Vindicator had recourſe to others, if poſſible, ſtill more unmanly. A paragraph appeared in the public papers, as extracted from a Carolina gazette, telling us a ſhocking tale about Mr. Randolph having been ill-treated by the Preſident, who had been worked up by a wicked Britiſh faction to accuſe him (from ſomething that had been diſcovered by an intercepted letter of Mr. Fauchet) of *having his price*; and that, in conſequence, poor Mr. Randolph had been *ſacrificed*, merely becauſe he had adviſed the Preſident not to ſign the treaty with Great Britain. This ſimpleton of a ſtory concluded with ſome patriotic reflections on the formidableneſs of the Britiſh faction, and the great danger of acting contrary to their will and pleaſure.

After an infinity of other ſubterfuges and precautions, the Vindication itſelf comes forth; not in the face of day, like the honeſt innocent man from

his peaceful dwelling; but like the thief from his hiding place, preceded by his ſkulking precurſors. Theſe numerous tricks and artifices have, however, all failed: the public has had the candour to prejudge nothing: the thunder has been reſerved for the day of judgment.

Should the Vindicator be able to find ſome quibble to excuſe theſe preliminary manœuvres, how will he juſtify the *ſale* of his pretended Vindication? If it be not neceſſary to the juſtification of his conduct, while in the ſervice of the public, why is it publiſhed? and, if it be, how dares he attempt to make them pay for it? He every where boaſts of his pure republicaniſm, and fawningly courts the favour of the people, by calling on them to judge between him and his patron, the Preſident. He pretends to have held his office from them, though every one knows that he held it from the Preſident, at whoſe pleaſure he was removeable, and to whom alone he was, in this caſe, accountable, But, allow him to hold his office from the people, it is to them he owes an account of his behaviour therein, and that *gratis*, too.

It has been aſſerted, by him, or by his printer (it is of little conſequence which), that he is to derive no pecuniary advantage from the *ſale*. But, what is this to the purchaſer? If he is obliged to pay two ſhillings and nine pence three farthings for the Vindication, where is the difference to him, whether Mr. Randolph or Mr. Smith pockets the money. Should it appear, at laſt, that the Vindicator is to ſhare in the profits of the work, he will have the honour of introducing an improvement into the art of vindicating: men have often been known to barter their reputations; but to derive profit from a public ſale of the proofs of their having done ſo, is as yet without an inſtance on the annals of corruption. I will not, however, profeſs to believe that

this is the caſe: many reaſons render it improbable. No; his grand object here, as every where elſe, was to narrow the circulation of the evidence againſt him. He has ſo managed it as not only to make the public pay for what they had a right to demand information of without payment, but, by confining the copy-right to his friend Smith, he has reſerved to himſelf the power of limiting the number of copies; and, it is very probable, that the Vindication may be out of print in leſs than a month. Special care has been taken to place at the head of the book the inſtrument by which all others are forbidden to print it, and an extract from the act of congreſs, made "for the encouragement of *learning*, by ſe-"curing the copies, &c." This is a fair menace; as if he had ſaid: *Here is my vindication; but if any one dares to re-publiſh it, I will proſecute him according to law.*——God of republicaniſm! if there be ſuch a deity, could it ever be imagined, that a law, made in a country that ſeems to be the receptacle of all the patriots upon the face of the earth, for the expreſs purpoſe of encouraging learning, and enlightening the people, would have been made a handle of to keep them in darkneſs and ignorance, concerning crimes of the moſt momentous nature, imputed to thoſe who pretend to glory in being called public ſervants!

Had Mr. Randolph been ſincere in his deſire to appeal to the people, he would have endeavoured to make that appeal as general as poſſible; and what, I aſk, would have preſented itſelf to him as the moſt likely mean of effecting this? Would he not have ſent a copy of it to a printer of a gazette, requeſting at the ſame time all the other printers of gazettes, in the United States, to re-publiſh it? This was the method practiſed with reſpect to the Britiſh depredations, and all the other little ſpiteful ſtories of the ſame ſort, and we know that it has ever met

with the wiſhed-for ſucceſs. Why was it not, then, adopted on the preſent occaſion? Mr. Randolph's friends ſay (for, aſtoniſhing as it may ſeem, friends he has) that, by a newſpaper publication, it would have appeared in a mutilated, incomplete ſtate. To this I reply; that, had he ſent his copy to his gazetteer, Mr. Brown, we ſhould have had every line of it in the Philadelphia Gazette at one time; or, at leaſt, we ſhould have had a right to expect it; for, the trial of *Hardy*, which my old friend Brown publiſhed about a year ago, to prove to us that the Britiſh government was juſt that minute going to pieces like an old crazy hulk, contained much more matter than the work of our Vindicator. It is very true, that Mr. Brown might not have imagined that *his cuſtomers* were ſo nearly intereſted in the *precious confeſſions* of the ex-ſecretary of ſtate, as in the fate of a ſeditious cobler at London; more eſpecially as the former might not be thought extremely honourable to republicaniſm: yet, there can be but little doubt but he would have complied; for, as to the reputation of his paper it could be in no danger even from the inſertion of the vindication, after the nonſenſe, the falſhoods, the blaſphemies, and the bawdry, of which it has ſo long been the vehicle. By only ſending it, then, to the preſs of this induſtrious, vulgar, and voluminous *quid nunc*, two or three thouſand copies of it would have been diſtributed through the dark lanes and alleys of Philadelphia in the ſpace of forty-eight hours: we ſhould have met with it in every direction, and in every ſhape that inanimate nature can aſſume: not a garret, not a reeking ſtove-hole, would have been without a copy: the windows of Paddy's filthy cabbin, and even the crannies of citizen Pompey's hovel, might have exhibited as clear and undeniable proofs of Mr. Randolph's innocence as the French archives.

This would have been the way for the vindicator to throw himſelf on the ſovereign people indeed. But, inſtead of this, what has he done? He has barricaded himſelf in by an act of Congreſs, and forbidden his ſovereigns to approach him without money in their hands. Ye gods! is he ever to have his price! is he ever to be purchaſed? And yet this is the man who pretends to be the friend of *pure republicaniſm*, and the advocate for the ſovereignty of the people! "Without further "enumeration," ſays he, "of reaſons for an ap-"peal to the *people*, to whom elſe ought I to ap-"peal? If the ſtories which have been propagated "be true, it is *their honour* which has been wound-"ed." By the bye, I do not believe this laſt aſſertion, and I ſhould be glad to hear how he makes it out; how he has contrived to ſhift the diſhonour from himſelf to the people: but, if it be ſo, why not appeal to them? Why hide his *precious confeſſions* from their ſight? Why attempt to keep them in the dark by impoſing a tax on their curioſity and inquiries? Civilians have long been divided as to the preciſe import of the word *people*; this queſtion is now reſolved by the rules of arithmetic, and that to a fraction, as far at leaſt as relates to the United States: the people are, all thoſe who are able and willing to give Mr. Randolph, or his printer, two ſhillings and nine pence three farthings, good and lawful money of Pennſylvania! *O Reſpublica! O Mores!*

Having diſmiſſed theſe circumſtances, which, though but trifles, if compared with many others that we ſhall meet with, were too glaring to paſs unnoticed, I now come to the Vindication itſelf.

Mr. Randolph begins by a "ſtatement of facts," and in this I ſhall imitate him; but as to the manner of doing this we ſhall differ widely. He has endeavoured to loſe us in a maze of letters and

anſwers, and extracts and converſations, and notes, and memorials, and certificates; but, as it is not my intention to render what I have to ſay unintelligible, nor weary my reader's patience with a round about ſtory, I ſhall endeavour to be as conciſe as poſſible, conſiſtent with perſpicuity.

On the 31ſt of October, 1794, Citizen Fauchet, the then French miniſter at Philadelphia, diſpatched a letter to a committee of the government in France, informing them among other things, of the riſe and progreſs of the inſurrection in the Weſtern counties of Pennſylvania. This letter was put on board the Jean Bart, a French corvette, which ſailed directly afterwards for France, and, on her paſſage, took an Engliſh merchant veſſel. When the corvette arrived in the Britiſh Channel, ſhe was brought to by a frigate of the enemy. As ſoon as the commander of the former ſaw that it was impoſſible to eſcape, he brought the diſpatches, and Citizen Fauchet's letter among the reſt, upon the deck and threw them over board. But unfortunately for Mr. Randolph, and ſome other patriots that we ſhall ſee mentioned by-and-by, there was a man on board who had the preſence of mind and the courage to jump into the ſea and ſave them. The reader will not be aſtoniſhed at this heroic act, at this proof of unfeigned and *unbought* patriotiſm, when I tell him that the man was no ſans-culotte *citizen*, but a Britiſh Tar. It was, indeed, no other than the captain of the Engliſh veſſel that the corvette had taken on her paſſage. This good fellow and the diſpatches he had ſo gallantly preſerved, were taken up by the frigate's boat: the diſpatches were, of courſe, ſent to the Britiſh government, by whom Citizen Fauchet's letter was, through Mr. Hammond, communicated to the Preſident of the United States. The Preſident ſhowed it to Mr. Randolph, deſiring him to make ſuch explanations

as he chose; and Mr. Randolph tells us, that it was in consequence of what passed at this interview that he gave in the resignation, of which he has since published a Vindication.

Although this extraordinary performance is called "A Vindication of Mr. Randolph's *Resigna-* "*tion*," people naturally look upon it as an attempt to vindicate his *conduct*, previous to that resignation. Few persons, I will take it upon me to say, thought an apology for quitting his post necessary. Those who had read his bungling correspondencies, never imagined him to be the Atlas of the state. It was not, then, his resignation that excited public anxiety or public curiosity, but a certain something between him and Citizen Fauchet. The people had heard about corruption, about thousands of dollars, and about the pretended patriots of America having their prices; these were the points the people wanted to see cleared up. They could not conceive that exposing to the whole world, and consequently to the enemies of this country, their President's private letters of July, 1795, relative to the treaty, could possibly tend to invalidate the charges of treason, contained in the French minister's letter, written in the month of October, 1794. But Mr. Randolph, it appears, saw the matter in another light. He has thought proper to attempt to balance the crime laid to his charge, against another supposed crime, which he imputes to the President, concerning the ratification of the treaty.

Hence it follows, that the Vindicator labours at two principal objects: to wash away the stain on his own reputation, and to represent the President of the United States as ratifying the treaty under the influence of a British faction. That the latter of these can, as I have already observed, have no sort of relation to the great and important point, to-

wards which the public mind has been ſo long directed, is very manifeſt; nevertheleſs, ſince it has been forced upon us, it would look like flinching from the inquiry to paſs it over in ſilence. I ſhall, therefore, after having obſerved on that part of the Vindication which comprehends what ought to have been its only object, endeavour to place in as fair a light as poſſible the indirect charge that is brought againſt the Preſident.

From Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter it appears, that Mr. Randolph did betray to him the ſecrets of the American government, and make him overtures for money, to be applied to ſome purpoſe relative to the inſurrection in the Weſtern counties of Pennſylvania.

The firſt of theſe is fully ſet forth in the very firſt paragraph of the letter, which runs thus: "The "meaſures which prudence preſcribes to me to take, "with reſpect to my colleagues, have ſtill preſided "in the digeſting of the diſpatches ſigned by them, "which treat of the inſurrection of the Weſtern "counties, and of the repreſſive means adopted by "the government. I have allowed them to be "confined to the giving of a faithful, but naked "recital of events, the reflections therein contained ſcarcely exceed the concluſions eaſily deducible from the character aſſumed by the public "prints. I have reſerved myſelf to give you as far "as I am able, a key to the facts detailed in our "reports. When it comes in queſtion to explain "either by conjectures or by certain data, *the ſecret views of a foreign government*, it would be "imprudent to run the riſk of indiſcretions, and to "give oneſelf up to men, whoſe known *partiality for "that government*, and ſimilitude of paſſions and intereſts with its chiefs, might lead to confidences, "the iſſue of which are incalculable. Beſides "the *precious confeſſions of Mr. Randolph* alone

" throw a ſatisfactory light on every thing that " comes to paſs. Theſe I have not yet communi- " cated to my colleagues. The motives already " mentioned lead to this reſerve, and ſtill leſs per- " mit me to open myſelf to them at the preſent " moment. I ſhall then endeavour, citizen, to " give you a clue to all the meaſures, of which " the common diſpatches give you an account, and " to diſcover the true cauſes of the exploſion, which " it is obſtinately reſolved to repreſs with great " means, although the ſtate of things has no long- " er any thing alarming." Notwithſtanding the unequivocal expreſſions contained in this paragraph, the Vindicator has endeavoured at a ſatisfactory explanation of it; and ſo confident does he pretend to be of having ſucceeded, that he ſays: " I heſi- " tate not to pronounce, that he who feels a due " abhorrence of party manœuvres, will form a " concluſion honourable to myſelf." Let us ſee, then, how he has extricated himſelf; what proof, or what argument, he has produced, to wipe away the ſtigma, and to warrant the confidence with which he expreſſes himſelf of the people's forming a concluſion to his honour.

The phraſe of the firſt paragraph of Citizen Fauchet's letter, which more immediately attracts our attention, is, " the *precious confeſſions* of Mr. Ran- " dolph." Theſe words the Vindicator has taken a deal of pains to explain away, and with his uſual ſucceſs. He begins by ſaying, that, " this obſer- " vation upon the *precious confeſſions* of Mr. Ran- " dolph, involves the *judicious management of the of-* " *fice.* It implies no deliberate impropriety, and " *cannot be particularly anſwered*, until particular " inſtances are cited." I ſee nothing here from which we are to form a concluſion to his honour; nor did he, it ſeems; for he immediately throws

the taſk on Citizen Fauchet's *certificate*. This extra diplomatic inſtrument was obtained by the famous journey to Rhode Iſland, under what circumſtances we ſhall ſee by-and-by; at preſent let us hear what Citizen Fauchet ſays in it. "As to the communi-
"nications which he [Mr. Randolph] has made to
"me at different times, they were only of *opinions*,
"the greater part, if not the whole of which I have
"heard *circulated as opinions*.—I will obſerve here,
"that none of his converſations with me conclu-
"ded without his giving me the idea, that the Preſi-
"dent was a man of integrity, and a ſincere friend
"to France. This explains *in part* [well put in]
"what I meant by the terms his *precious confeſſions*.
"—When I ſpeak in the ſame paragraph in theſe
"words: "Beſides the precious confeſſions of Mr.
"Randolph alone caſt upon all which happens a
"ſatisfactory light," I have ſtill in view only the
"explanations of which I have ſpoken above; and
"I muſt confeſs that very often I have taken for
"*confeſſions*, what he *might have* communicated to
"me by virtue of a ſecret authority. And many
"things which I had, at the firſt inſtant, conſidered
"as *confeſſions*, were the *ſubject* of public conver-
"ſation!"

Without admitting, even for a ſingle moment, the validity of the evidence of this certificate, we may be permitted to admire its effrontery. *Precious confeſſions* are here explained to ſignify *opinions*, and opinions, too, that were *the ſubject of public converſation!* Oh! monſtrous! Oh! front of tenfold braſs! Were we to give credit to what Citizen Fauchet has endeavoured to palm upon us in this certificate, we muſt conclude him to be either drunk or mad at the time of writing the paragraph which he thus explains, and the reſt of his letter by no means authorizes ſuch a concluſion. What idea do the words *precious confeſſions* convey to our minds?

What is a confeſſion?—An *acknowledgement* which ſome one is *prevailed on* to make. And in what ſenſe do we ever apply the epithet *precious*, but in that of *valuable*, *rare*, *coſtly*, or *dear* Would any man, that knows the meaning of theſe words, apply them to deſignate the common chat of a town, mere news-paper topics? We ſay, for inſtance, *precious ſtones*; but do we mean by theſe the rocks that we ſee cover the lands, or the flints and pebbles that we kick along the road? If ſome impudent quack were to tell us, that the pavement of Philadelphia is compoſed of *precious ſtones*, ſhould we not hurl them at his head; ſhould we not lapidate him?

But, let us ſee in what ſenſe Citizen Fauchet employs the ſame word *precious*, in another place, even in the very certificate where he endeavours to explain it to mean nothing.—After ſpeaking of the *ſecret* machinations of Mr. Hammond, the conſpirations of the Engliſh, and their being at the bottom of the Weſtern inſurrection, he comes to the means that Mr. Randolph had propoſed to get at their *ſecrets*, and ſays: "I was aſtoniſhed "that the government itſelf did not procure for "itſelf *information ſo precious*." Here, then, *precious* ſignifies *ſecret*. This *information ſo precious* was *rare* information; information *not to be come at without a bribe*. This phraſe, fallen from the pen of Citizen Fauchet, while his invention was upon the rack to explain away another charge againſt the moral Mr. Randolph, fully proves in what ſenſe he had ever uſed the word *precious*.

However, we ſhould be very far from doing juſtice to theſe "*precious confeſſions of Mr. Randolph*" by conſidering them in their naked independent ſenſe. It is very rarely that the true meaning of any phraſe, or even of a complete ſentence is to be come at without taking in the context. That theſe *preci-*

ous confeſſions were neither ſo trifling nor of ſo publick a nature, as the citizen would make us believe, is clear from the tenor of the whole firſt paragraph above tranſcribed, which Mr. Randolph forgot to beg his friend to explain. After having mentioned the precious confeſſions of Mr. Randolph, "*theſe*," ſays he, "I have not yet communicated to my col-"leagues." And why?—Becauſe, adds he, "*the* "*motives, already mentioned*, lead to this *reſerve*, and "ſtill leſs permit me *to open myſelf* to them at the "preſent moment." How is this, then? Why was this cautious *reſerve* neceſſary, even towards his colleagues of the legation, if there was nothing to communicate but mere "*opinions*," that were "*the ſub-*"*ject of public converſation?*" What an over-and-above cloſe man this muſt have been! Would to God Mr. Randolph had been as cloſe! But what were theſe "motives already mentioned?" We muſt conſult the paragraph again here. The Citizen, after ſtating that he allowed the diſpatches, ſigned by his colleagues, to be confined to a naked recital of events, *ſcarcely exceeding* what might be gathered from the news-papers, obſerves, that he has reſerved to himſelf the taſk of giving a key to theſe joint reports, and adds: "when it comes in "queſtion to explain the *ſecret views* of a foreign "government, it would be imprudent *to give oneſelf* "*up* to men, whoſe known *partiality for that govern-*"*ment*, and ſimilitude of paſſions and intereſts with "its chiefs, might lead to *confidencies*, the iſſue of "which is incalculable."—Here we have the motives that prevented Citizen Fauchet from communicating the precious confeſſions to his colleagues. Ordinary information, *hardly exceeding* what was to be learnt from the gazettes, he ſuffered them to participate; but as to the *ſecret views* of the government, and the *precious confeſſions of Mr. Randolph*, he kept them in his own breaſt; becauſe his col-

leagues were men " who had a known *partiality for* " *the government*, and a ſimilitude of paſſions and " intereſts with its chiefs!" This reaſon for not truſting the colleagues of Citizen Fauchet is corroborated by a ſentence of Mr. Randolph himſelf, who certainly forgot what he was about when he wrote it. " Two perſons," ſays he, " were in " commiſſion with Mr. Fauchet, and it was ſuſ- " pected, *from a quarter in which I confided*, that theſe " perſons were in a political *intimacy with members* " *of our government*, not friendly to me." I am ſure the reader will agree with me, that this was a reaſon, and a ſubſtantial one too, for not communicating to them the precious confeſſions of Mr. Randolph, if thoſe confeſſions went to expoſe the ſecret views of the government; but, if, on the contrary, they went no further than " *opinions*," that were " *the ſubject* " *of public converſation*," the precaution was perfectly ridiculous. It was like the ſecret of the ideot, who, whiſpering a by-ſtander, told him the ſun ſhined, but begged him to let it go no further.

In ſhort, all the parts of this account correſpond ſo exactly, that they only want to amount to a proof of innocence inſtead of guilt to render them a ſubject of pleaſing contemplation. Citizen Fauchet receives certain *precious confeſſions* from Mr. Randolph, which he keeps from his colleagues, becauſe they have *a partiality for the government*, and becauſe, from their intimacy with ſome of the members of it, they might make dangerous diſcoveries. The inevitable concluſion, then, is, that theſe *precious confeſſions* were *not* of *opinions*, that were *the ſubject of public converſation*, and that they were of a nature *hoſtile to the government;* and whether this be " a " concluſion honourable " to Mr. Randolph, or not, I leave the reader to determine.

Citizen Fauchet, in that part of his certificate which I have above quoted, makes an indirect at-

tempt to eſtabliſh a belief, that Mr. Randolph, in his confeſſions, never uttered any thing to the prejudice of the character of the Preſident of the United States. This is his aim, when he ſays that "none of his converſations concluded without giving the idea, that the Preſident was a man of integrity." But, we are to obſerve, that the certificate was originally intended for the peruſal of the Preſident. Who could tell how far ſuch a declaration, if it ſhould be believed, might go towards making Mr. Randolph's peace? It has never yet appeared, that he was in earneſt about a *public* Vindication, 'till after his return from Rhode Iſland; that is, 'till he ſaw that it was abſolutely impoſſible to ſmother the affair. To have brought this declaration into the certificate with any other view than that of ſoftening the Preſident, would have been pure folly. The Preſident being a man of incorruptible integrity was ſurely no precious confeſſion; on the contrary, I am miſtaken if it was not among the moſt diſagreeable information that Citizen Fauchet ever received from his friend, the Secretary. If this certificate had, then, been intended for the public, to what purpoſe was the declaration concerning the Preſident thruſted into it? Did the framer, or rather framers, of it imagine; nay, could they poſſibly imagine, that Mr. Randolph would acquire favour with the people for having declared that the man he now attempts to blacken, the man he now repreſents as under the guidance of a Britiſh faction, is a man of incorruptible integrity? The Preſident's character ſtood in no need of the eulogy of Mr. Randolph, or the certificate of a muſhroon French miniſter. The people of the United States knew General Waſhington to be a man of integrity, long before Citizen Fauchet was called from among a troop of itinerant play-actors, to

ſtrut on the diplomatic ſtage of the new-fangled Republic. *

The deſperate Vindicator makes one ſtruggle more. He endeavours to back the evidence of Citizen Fauchet's certificate with a proteſtation of his own, in which he denies ever having received a farthing for the communication of ſtate-ſecrets; ſays that he never communicated any ſuch ſecrets; that he never uttered a ſyllable which violated the duties of office; all which, adds he, "I *aſſert*, and to "the aſſertion, I am ready to ſuperadd the moſt ſo-"lemn ſanction." I ſhall not throw away my time in attempting to invalidate this kind of teſtimony. There was a time when the *ſolemn ſanction*, or even bare *aſſertion*, of Mr. Randolph, might have been formidable; but that time is, alas! no more.

We now come to the *overtures for money*, to be applied to ſome purpoſe relative to the inſurrection in the Weſtern counties of Pennſylvania.

Citizen Fauchet, in the 15th paragraph of the fatal letter, had been ſpeaking of the aſſembling of the inſurgents in Braddock's Field, and of the preparations of the Federal government to reduce them to order and obedience. Then, in the 16th paragraph, he comes to ſpeak of the conduct of certain perſons in power, at this momentous criſis. "In the mean time," ſays he, "although there "was a certainty of having an army, yet it was "neceſſary to aſſure themſelves of co-operators a-"mong the men whoſe patriotic reputation might

* Whether the Citizen formerly paid his addreſſes to *Thalia* or *Melpomene*, I know not; whether he has wielded the dagger or worn the maſk on the grand theatre of the revolution (which has brought forth ſuch eminent talents in both walks), is alſo unknown to me; I ſhould, however, from his behaviour in this country, be led to imagine, that the maſk has ever been his favourite.

" influence their party, and whose lukewarmness
" or want of energy in the existing conjunctures
" might compromit the success of the plans. Of
" all the governors whose duty it was to appear at
" the head of the requisitions, the *governor of Penn-*
" *sylvania* alone enjoyed the name of *republican*; his
" opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury, and of
" his systems, was known to be unfavourable. The
" *Secretary of this State* possessed great influence in
" the *popular society of Philadelphia*, which in its
" turn influenced those of other States; of course
" he merited attention. It appears therefore that
" *these men*, with others unknown to me, all hav-
" ing without doubt Randolph at their head, were
" *balancing to decide on their party*. Two or three
" days before the proclamation was published, and
" of course before the cabinet had resolved on its
" measures, Mr. Randolph came to me with an air
" of great eagerness, and made me *the overtures* of
" which I have given you an account in No. 6.
" Thus, *with some thousands of dollars*, the Repub-
" lic could have decided *on civil war or on peace!*
" Thus, the consciences of the pretended patriots
" of America have already their prices! It is very
" true that the certainty of these conclusions, pain-
" ful to be drawn, will forever exist in our archives!
" What will be the old age of this government, if
" it is thus early decrepid!"

From this paragraph we learn, that certain men of weight and influence were balancing as to the side they should take at the time of the insurrection; that two or three days before the issuing of the proclamation for the assemblingof a military force to march against the insurgents, Mr. Randolph went to Citizen Fauchet, and made to him certain overtures; and that, from the nature of these overtures, Citizen Fauchet concluded, that, if he had had some thousands of dollars at his disposal, he could have decided on ci-

vil war, or on peace. From this latter circumſtance, it is evident that the overtures were for money, to be applied to ſome purpoſe relative to the inſurrection; and, therefore, our inquiries (if, indeed, inquiries are at all neceſſary), are naturally confined to two queſtions: *who* was to receive this money? and for *what purpoſe?*

The ſhorteſt way of determining the firſt of theſe queſtions, is, to reſort to the fair and unequivocal meaning of the paragraph itſelf. Suppoſe the following paſſage of it alone had come to light: "*theſe* "*men*, with others unknown to me, all having "without doubt Randolph at their head, *were ba-* "*lancing* to decide on their party. Two or three "days before the proclamation was publiſhed, Mr. "Randolph came to me with an air of great eager- "neſs, and made to me the overtures of which I "have given you an account in my No. 6. Thus, "with ſome thouſands of dollars, the Republic "could have determined on civil war or on peace." Suppoſe, I ſay, that of all the letter, this paſſage alone had been found; what ſhould we have wanted to know further?—Why, certainly, *who theſe men were.* This is what we ſhould have curſed our ſtars for having kept from us.—Randolph, we ſhould have ſaid, is at the head of them; but who are *theſe men?* To whom do theſe important words refer?—Luckily, Citizen Fauchet's letter leaves us nothing to wiſh for on this head: theſe words are relative to "*the governor of Pennſylvania*," the "*Se-* "*cretary of this State**", and other perſons unknown to the writer. *Theſe men*, according to Citizen Fau-

* I keep to the very words of the letter; but that, by "this State," is meant the ſtate of Pennſylvania cannot be doubted, eſpecially when we ſee that the letter is dated at Philadelphia.

chet's letter, were, with Randolph at their head, balancing to decide on their party; and, while they were thus balancing, Mr. Randolph, being the leader, went to Citizen Fauchet, and made him ſuch overtures as would have enabled him, had he had "ſome thouſands of dollars," to decide on civil war or on peace.

I ſhall not amuſe myſelf with drawing concluſions here, as I am fully perſuaded, that no one, who ſhall do me the honour of reading theſe ſheets, will find any difficulty in doing it for himſelf. It is, however, neceſſary to notice what has been advanced with an intention of doing away the impreſſion, that this part of Citizen Fauchet's letter muſt inevitably leave on our minds, with reſpect to the perſons in whoſe behalf the money overtures were made.

The reader has obſerved that Citizen Fauchet mentions a diſpatch, which he calls his No. 6. and to which he refers his government for the particulars of Mr. Randolph's overtures. An *extract* from this No. 6. the Vindicator has obtained from Citizen Adet, the preſent French miniſter, which he has publiſhed in his Vindication, and which I here inſert. "Scarce was the commotion known, when "the Secretary of State came to my houſe. All "his countenance was grief. He requeſted of me "a private converſation. It is all over, he ſaid to "me. A civil war is about to ravage our unhappy "country. *Four men*, by their *talents*, their *influence* "and their *energy*, may ſave it. But, debtors of "Engliſh merchants, they will be deprived of their "liberty, if they take the ſmalleſt ſtep. Could you "lend them inſtantaneouſly funds, ſufficient to "ſhelter them from Engliſh perſecution? This in-"quiry *aſtoniſhed* me much. It was impoſſible for "me to make a ſatisfactory anſwer. You know *my* "*want of power*, and my defect of *pecuniary means*. "I ſhall draw myſelf off from the affair by ſome

" common-place remarks, and by throwing myſelf " on the *pure* and unalterable principles of the Re- " public.—God of Heaven! what muſt be the ſitu- ation of a man, who publiſhes ſuch a piece as this in order to weaken the evidence againſt him!

We ſhould certainly be at full liberty to reject the teſtimony contained in this extract; not on account of the perſon who ſigns it (though his *not being a Chriſtian* might, with ſome weak- minded people, be a weighty objection), but on account of its being but *a part* of the No. 6. referred to. I do not, however, wiſh to derive any advantage from this circumſtance: I admit the validity of the teſtimony contained in the extract; and well I may; for, the greateſt enemy of Mr. Randolph, and of thoſe who are involved with him, could wiſh for no better confirmation of the 16th paragraph of Citizen Fauchet's letter.

The only circumſtance in which the extract from No. 6. appears to differ from the letter, is, that, in the extract, mention is made of *four* men, and, in the letter, of only *three*. But, let it be obſerved, that though only three perſons are named in the letter, yet Citizen Fauchet adds to them, " others " unknown to me."

The next piece of exculpatory evidence produced, is the *certificate* of Citizen Fauchet. But, before we quote this paper again, it is neceſſary to ſee how it was obtained.

When Citizen Fauchet's letter was firſt ſhewn to Mr. Randolph, in the council-chamber, and he was aſked to explain it, he heſitated; deſired time to commit his remarks to writing; went to his office, locked up his own apartment there, and gave the key to the meſſenger; then went home, from whence he wrote to the Preſident, requeſting a copy of the letter, and informing him that, if Citizen Fauchet had not quitted the continent, he would

go after him, *to prepare himſelf for an inquiry.*—Was this the behaviour of a man groſsly calumniated? Such a man would have ſaid: I ſee, Sir, by this letter, that I am charged with crimes which my heart abhors; I declare the writer to be an infamous ſlanderer; but, as appearances are againſt me, here are the keys of my office, and even of my private papers: examine them all, and I will remain here till the examination is ended. Send alſo for Citizen Fauchet, if he be yet in the country; bring him here, and let him avow this to my face if he dares.—I appeal to the reader's breaſt, whether there is any thing that a man, ſtrong in his integrity, would have ſo ardently deſired, as to be confronted with his accuſer; or any thing he would have ſo obſtinately refuſed as to be the meſſenger to ſeek him? Allowing, however, that a man, falſly accuſed of ſuch heinous crimes, had, in a paroxyſm of rage, quitted the Council-chamber to purſue the aſſaſſin of his reputation; would he not have inſtantly departed? Would he have cloſed his eyes till he came up with him? Would any mortal means of conveyance have been ſwift enough for his purſuit? And, once arrived, would he not have ruſhed into his preſence? Would not the ſight of the perfidious miſcreant have almoſt driven him to madneſs? Had he found him in the arms of his harlot, or grovelling at the altar of his pagan gods, would he not have dragged him forth to chaſtiſement? The heart that ſwells with injured innocence, is deaf to the voice of diſcretion!

How different from all this was the cool, and gentle and genteel deportment of the Vindicator! He ſtays, very quietly, two days at Philadelphia, before his departure for Rhode-Iſland, and loiters away no leſs than *ten days* in performing a journey that the common ſtages perform in *five*. When he arrives, he goes and

has a *tête-à-tête* with Citizen Fauchet, and ſo mild and ſo complaiſant is he, and ſo little malice does he bear on account of the wound given to his honour, that he afterwards writes the Citizen a note, in which he ſtyles himſelf his *humble ſervant.* In conſequence of this *tête-à-tête*, in which the Citizen and Secretary re-examined the fatal letter, and refreſhed each other's memories, a certificate was made out by the former; but not delivered into Mr. Randolph's hands, for fear we ſhould believe that he had penned it as well as furniſhed the hints for it, till after his return to Philadelphia, when it was ſent to him by Citizen Adet. This *tête-à-tête* on the unfortunate letter reſembles the conſultation of a couple of phyſicians over a patient gaſping in a deſperate diſeaſe: they at laſt preſcribe a remedy, and, phyſician like, leave it to be adminiſtered by their Apothecary.

I paſs by the *certificates* of a *tipſtaff* and a *pilot*, which are brought in as auxiliaries to that of Citizen Fauchet, and come to the queſtions that *were to be* put, but which *were not* put, to Citizen Fauchet, before Mr. Marchant, a judge of the diſtrict of Rhode-Iſland, and Mr. Malbone, a member of the Houſe of Repreſentatives. This play at queſtion and anſwer muſt have been fine ſport for Meſſrs. Marchant and Malbone, who would have had the *dramatis perſonæ* before their eyes; but, when committed to paper, a peruſal of it would have been quite flat and inſipid to us. No queſtion, I am poſitive, would, on this occaſion, have drawn truth from the lips of Citizen Fauchet; except, perhaps, the queſtion formerly employed in the Inquiſition: for, as to oaths upon the Holy Evangeliſts, what power could they have had upon the conſcience of a man whoſe creed declares the Bible to be a lie,

and who alternately adores, the goat, the hog, the dog, the cat, and the jack-ass*?

After these remarks on the manner in which this certificate, which we are called upon to give credit to, was procured, we may venture to quote it, without running the risk of being misled by its protestations. Let us, then, hear what it says with respect to the persons in whose behalf the overtures for money were made. "About the month of July or August, in the last year, he [Mr. Randolph] 'came to see me [Citizen Fauchet], at my house. "We had a private conversation of about twenty "minutes. His countenance bespoke distress. He "said to me that he was afraid a civil war would "soon ravage America. I enquired of him what "new information was procured. He said that he "began to believe that in fact the English were fo-"menting the insurrection, and that he did not "doubt, that Mr. Hammond and his Congress "would push some measures with respect to the in-"surrection, with an intention of giving embarrass-"ment to the United States. He demanded of me, "if, as my Republic was itself interested in these "manœuvres, I could not by the means of some cor-"respondents procure some information of what

* If the reader has never seen one of the Calendars of the enlightened and regenerated French, it may not be amiss to inform him here, that, in lieu of the Saints whom they placed in their Calendar formerly, and to whom they addressed their prayers no longer than four years ago, they have now filled it with brutes, trees, and plants. Each day of the republican year is consecrated to some one of these their animal and vegetable saints, and it is a circumstance truly singular, that the day, on which Citizen Fauchet was to be cross-examined, is consecrated to *Hemp*.—There is something like fatality in this.—Should any one wish to satisfy himself of the fact, he has only to look in one of the Calendars, printed in France, for the month of *Vendemaire*, a copy of which I have now before me.

" was paſſing. I anſwered him that I believed I " could. He replied upon this, that having formed " many connections by the means of flour contracts, " *three* or *four* perſons, among the different *con-* " *tractors*, might, by *talents*, *energy*, and ſome *in-* " *fluence*, procure the neceſſary information and " ſave America from a civil war, by proving that " England interfered in the troubles of the Weſt." After this, the certificate ſays, that Mr. Randolph ſtated a doubt as to the pecuniary affairs of theſe contractors, and obſerved that thoſe whom Citizen Fauchet " *might be able* to employ, *might perhaps* be " debtors of Engliſh merchants; and that, in that " caſe, *might perhaps* be expoſed to be harraſſed and " arreſted; and, therefore, he aſked if the payment " of the ſums, *due them* by virtue of the exiſting " contracts, would not be ſufficiently early to ren- " der them independent of Britiſh perſecution."

So! here are all " *theſe men* who were *balancing* " *to decide* on their *party;* theſe men, who by their " *talents*, *influence*, and *energy* might ſave the coun- " try;" theſe men, *who could have decided on civil war or on peace*, are, by this barefaced certificate, turned into induſtrious peaceable flour-merchants! This explanation exceeds even the impudence of Lord Peter, who ſwore that the words *gold-lace* meant *a broom-ſtick*.

It would now be neceſſary to turn to Mr. Randolph's own explanation of what paſſed between him and Citizen Fauchet, on this occaſion, if his account did not perfectly agree with the one here given, with ſuch trifling variation of phraſeology excepted as was requiſite to encourage the belief, that both were not the work of the ſame hand. It does, indeed, appear, that Mr. Randolph imagined in good earneſt, that we ſhould yield an implicit confidence to what Citizen Fauchet has ſaid in his

certificate; for, he ſeems to have been anxious about nothing but confirming it with his own proteſtations, without attempting to do away the charge contained in the intercepted letter. Our inquiries, however, are not thus to be diverted. We are not thus to be fobbed off with an ex-poſt-facto certificate, and the commentaries thereon. How came Mr. Randolph to be of opinion that flour-merchants would, above all others, be the perſons to unravel the intrigues of Mr. Hammond? He is the firſt ſtateſman, I believe, that ever thought of employing men of this profeſſion to dive into the ſecrets of foreign miniſters. And why ſhould he ſuppoſe, that the flour merchants of Citizen Fauchet were in the confidence of the Engliſh faction, and that the very ones whom he ſhould chooſe from amongſt them, were debtors, and debtors, too, to Britiſh merchants? Poor fellows! he would have broken his heart, if they had been "harraſſed and arreſted," in conſequence of their zeal! It was ſomething extraordinary alſo, that he did not know the law of this country better than to fear that they might be kept in priſon for debt. He will make but a poor ſolicitor in the courts of *Virginia*, if he does not know how to keep a fradulent debtor out of jail; and it is very probable, that this little ſlip of the pen may hurt him more, in the opinion of his preſent neighbours, than his *precious confeſſions*, or even than his *overtures for money*.

Mr. Randolph pretends that, ſo far from having made overtures for himſelf and Co. he rejects with horror the idea of giving a pair of gloves even to theſe honeſt flour-men. Citizen Fauchet, it is true, did underſtand Mr. Randolph as adviſing him to obtain intelligence, by aſſiſting with *loans* thoſe who had contracted with him for flour; but now, calling to mind all the circumſtances, he has an *intimate conviction*, that he was miſtaken in the propoſi-

tions of Mr. Randolph, who only aſked if theſe good people could not be accommodated with the " ſums " *due them* on their contracts!" Hence, then, they wiſh to infer, that all was fair and honeſt; that no ſuch thing as corruption was ever dreamt of. Admit them this, for a moment, and then let them account for the following expreſſions, which come immediately after the money overtures, mentioned in the diſpatch, No. 6. " This inquiry *aſtoniſhed me* " *much.* It was impoſſible for me to make a *ſatisfac-* " *tory anſwer.* You know my *want of power*, and " my *defect of pecuniary means.* I ſhall *draw myſelf* " *off from the affair* by ſome common-place remarks, " and by throwing myſelf on the *pure* and unalte- " rable principles of the Republic." Now, why *pure?* Why throw himſelf on the *pure principles* of his Republic? How could the *pure principles* of his Republic forbid him to yield to a propoſal that had nothing *impure* in it? And, why does he talk of his want of *power* and of *pecuniary means*? Would it not be the height of ſtupidity for a man to talk this way, if he was required to do nothing but to pay three or four flour-men the " ſums *due them* on their " contracts?"

Nor was ſuch a trifling propoſal better calculated to awaken in Citizen Fauchet theſe reflections: " Thus with ſome thouſands of dollars, the Repub- " lic could have decided on civil war, or on peace! " Thus, the *conſciencies* of the *pretended patriots* of " America have already *their prices*! It is very " true that the certainty of theſe concluſions, *pain-* " *ful to be drawn*, will for ever exiſt *in our archives!* " What will be the old age *of the government*, if it " is thus early *decrepid!*" —Would any man, except a madman or a fool, have made theſe reflections on a propoſal to pay certain merchants " ſums " *due them*," and particularly when thoſe ſums were

to enable them to *ſerve their country*, by exploring the ſecret machinations of an hoſtile power? Mr. Randolph's propoſing to come at the ſecrets of the Engliſh miniſter by prevailing on Citizen Fauchet to pay the ſums due to his contractors, would certainly have excited a laugh in Fauchet: and, if he had thought ſuch a ſilly propoſition worth a mention in his diſpatches, he would naturally have ſaid: what a loggerheaded fellow they have choſen for Secretary of State here! Would you imagine that he has propoſed to me, to pay my flour-contractors what I *owe them*, as a mean of inducing them to penetrate into the deſigns of the Engliſh government! The man muſt certainly be out of his wits, or he never would be fooliſh enough to ſuppoſe, that theſe people, in gratitude for having received *no more than their due* from *me*, would be induced to undertake a dangerous and expenſive ſervice *for him*. However, the poor man, though a little crack-brained, is a good patriot, and has no other motive in all this than to ſerve his country.—Theſe would have been the remarks of Citizen Fauchet, had the overtures been of the nature he now pretends they were. He would have had all the reaſon in the world to accuſe the Secretary of folly, but none to accuſe him of guilt; none to authorize thoſe bitter reflections on the *ſaleableneſs* of the *conſciences* of the *pretended* patriots of America, or on the *decrepitude* of *the government*.

This is not all. If the overtures for money were in behalf of Citizen Fauchet's flour-men, there remains a very important paſſage of his intercepted letter, which both he and the Vindicator have left unexplained. It is this. "*As ſoon as it was de-*" *cided* that the French Republic *purchaſed no men* " *to do their duty*, there were to be ſeen individuals, " about whoſe conduct the government could at " leaſt form uneaſy conjectures, giving themſelves

" up with a *ſcandalous oſtentation* to *its views*, and " even *ſeconding its declarations*. The Popular Socie- " ties ſoon emitted reſolutions ſtamped with the " ſame ſpirit, and who, although they may have " been adviſed by love of order, might nevertheleſs " have omitted, or uttered them with leſs ſolemni- " ty. Then were ſeen coming *from the very men* " *whom we had been accuſtomed to regard as having* " *little friendſhip for the ſyſtem of the Treaſurer, har-* " *rangues without end*, in order to give a new di- " rection to the public mind. The militia, howe- " ver, manifeſt ſome repugnance, particularly in " Pennſylvania; at laſt by *excurſions or harrangues*, " incomplete requiſitions are obtained. How much " more intereſting than the *changeable men* I have " painted above, were thoſe plain citizens, &c."

That Citizen Fauchet underſtood the money overtures to be made on the part of theſe *changeable men*, is evident; for the paſſage here tranſcribed follows immediately after the paragraph in which thoſe overtures are mentioned. And, the paſſage itſelf is too unequivocal to be miſunderſtood. All this ſcandalous oſtentation, he ſays, theſe ſecond-hand declarations, and harrangues without end, *in favour* of the government, took place, among theſe *changeable men*, as ſoon as it was known (and not before) that the French Republic purchaſed no men to do their duty. Now, then, let Mr. Randolph, or any one of theſe *changeable men*, twiſt this paſſage till it applies to his flour-merchants, if he can. What! did the flour-merchants give themſelves up *to the views of the government* with a *ſcandalous oſtentation?* What harrangues did theſe poor devils ever make, I wonder, to diſguiſe their paſt views, and give a new direction to the public mind? We all know that the Democratic Societies and the good Governor of Pennſylvania iſſued *declarations ſeconding* that of the government; but the flour-

merchants never iſſued any, or, at leaſt, that I know of. And yet the Citizen tells us that all theſe harrangues and declarations took place as ſoon as it was decided, that the French Republic *purchaſed* no men to do their duty. How, then, in the name of all that is vile and corrupt, could the money overtures be made in behalf of three or four flour-merchants?

But, I muſt not let theſe harranguers go off ſo. "*Then*," ſays Citizen Fauchet, "were ſeen coming "from the *very men* whom we had been accuſtomed "to regard as having *little friendſhip for the ſyſtem* "*of the Treaſurer*, harrangues without end." Who, then, were the perſons that Citizen Fauchet had been accuſtomed to regard as having little friendſhip for the ſyſtem of the Treaſurer? "Of all the governors," ſays Citizen Fauchet, in the 16th paragraph, already quoted, "of all the governors whoſe duty it "was to appear at the head of the requiſitions, the "governor of Pennſylvania alone enjoyed the name "of republican: *his opinion of the Secretary of the Treaſury and of his ſyſtems was known to be unfavourable.*" In another part of the letter, when ſpeaking about the behaviour of ſeveral of the general officers on the Weſtern expedition, he ſays: "the governor "of Pennſylvania, *of whom it never would have* "*been ſuſpected*, lived intimately and publicly *with* "*Hamilton.*" As to the fact concerning the harrangues without end, thoſe of my readers whoſe memories are not very faithful, have only to open the Philadelphia newſpapers for the months of Auguſt and September, 1794.—Let the reader, particularly if he be a Pennſylvanian, treaſure up all theſe things in his mind.

I have but one more obſervation to add here, and that does not ariſe from any thing ſaid in the Vindication; but from a paragraph which appeared in Mr. Bache's gazette of the 22d December, ſigned,

A. J. Dallas, and which contained the following words: "The publication of Mr. Fauchet's inter-"cepted letter, renders any remark unneceſſary "on *my part*, or on the part of *the governor*, upon "the villainous inſinuations of the libeller [meaning Mr. Wilcocks, who had ſaid that it was reported, that Citizen Fauchet's letter charged the governor of Pennſylvania, Mr. Randolph, and *Valerius* (by which name Mr. Dallas looks upon himſelf as deſignated) of bribery and corruption] in relation to the "contents of that letter; but *we* may expect to "derive a *perfect triumph* on the occaſion, from the "candour of thoſe, who have incautiouſly circula-"ted injurious conjectures; and from the mortifi-"cation of thoſe who have, wilfully, fabricated "iniquitous falſhoods."

It ſeems, that this *A. J. Dallas* is the ſelf ſame "Secretary of this State," and that this governor is the ſame "governor of Pennſylvania," of whom Citizen Fauchet has made ſuch honourable mention, and of whom we have been talking all this time: for my part, I do not know the men, nor either of them; nor have I any ambition to know them; but, if they can ſee any thing in Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter, from which they "*ex-*"*pect to derive a perfect triumph*," I congratulate them on their penetration with all my heart. Should they triumph, their triumph will be "*perfect*," indeed; for, conſcious I am, that it will be attended with this ſingular and happy circumſtance, that it will excite envy in no living ſoul*.

* Citizen Franklin Bache, too (willing to be in the faſhion, I ſuppoſe), has thought proper to come forward with a voluntary Vindication. He tells the public that, "another means of intimidating him into ſilence, has been "the circulation of falſe and ſcandalous inſinuations againſt "*his integrity*, of his having received French money, &c. "To all ſuch he thus poſitively and explicitly gives *the lie*,"

As I am pretty confident that no further remark is neceſſary with reſpect to the *perſons* who were to receive the product of Mr. Randolph's overtures, I ſhall now ſpeak to the ſecond queſtion: for what purpoſe were they to receive it?

I believe, few people have read the intercepted letter, without being fully convinced, that the money, if obtained, was to be ſo employed as to enable the receivers openly to eſpouſe the cauſe of the Weſtern inſurgents, and overturn the Federal government; or, at leaſt, counteract its meaſures ſo far as to oblige thoſe at the head of it, to abandon it to the direction of thoſe corrupt and profligate men, who wiſhed to prevent any accomodation's taking place with Great Britain, and to plunge their devoted country into a war on the ſide of France. The paſſage of the letter, where the overtures are mentioned, authorizes this concluſion; and, when we come to examine the other paragraphs, together with the extract from the diſpatch, No. 6. and to compare the whole of Citizen Fauchet's account with the well known conduct of thoſe

—Fair and ſoftly, good maſter *Surgo ut Proſim:* if you riſe for our good, do not, for mercy's ſake, flaſh our eyes out. If you have not touched French money, if they have wronged you of your ſhare, why, it is an agreeable ſurprize to us, and there is an end of the matter. But, let me tell you, that it was treating the good people of the United States a little cavalierly to give them the lie direct thus, and ſeems to be very incompatible with your intereſts, unleſs you had a ſufficiency of *cuſtomers elſewhere.* You are not, it is true, *named* in Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter, and of this lucky circumſtance you were, I preſume, acquainted, before you gave the public the lie; but, as Preſident *pro tem.* of the Democratic Society of Pennſylvania, you certainly come in for a ſhare of his ſarcaſm on thoſe changeable men. No more boaſting, then, maſter *Surgo;* for "the more you ſtir it . . . . you know the reſt of the proverb.

who are clearly designated, as the persons in whose behalf the money overtures were made, the evidence becomes irresistible.

To weaken this evidence nothing has been advanced, that does not, if possible, add to its force, by showing to what more than miserable shifts and subterfuges the Vindicator has been driven. Nevertheless, as we profess to make observations on the Vindication, all that it contains, however false and absurd, claims some share of our attention; and, therefore, we must now take a view of what has been said concerning the application of the money to be obtained by the overtures of Mr. Randolph, beginning, as before, with the certificate of Citizen Fauchet.

After telling us that he had frequently had conversations with Mr. Randolph about the insurrection, and that he himself suspected the English of fomenting and supporting it, he says: "I communicated my suspicions to Mr. Randolph. I had "already communicated to him a Congress, which "at this time was holden at New-York. I had "communicated to him my fears, that this Congress would have for its object, some manœuvres "against the Republic of France, and to render "unpopular some *virtuous men*, who were at the "head of affairs; to destroy the confidence "which existed on one hand, between General "Clinton [late governor of New-York] and his fellow-citizens, and on the other, that which united "Mr. Randolph to the President." He then tells us the old story about the flour-merchants.

Now comes Mr. Randolph's turn. "Our discourse," says he, "*turned upon* the insurrection, "and upon the expected machinations of Mr. Hammond and others at New-York, against the French "Republic, Governor Clinton, and myself.—Fresh

" as the intelligence was upon my mind, that the " Britiſh were fomenting the inſurrection, I was " ſtrongly inclined to believe, that Mr. Hammond's " Congreſs, would not forego the opportunity of " furniſhing, to the utmoſt of their abilities, em- " ployment to the United States, and of detaching " their attention and power from the European " war. I own, therefore, that I was extremely de- " ſirous of learning what was paſſing at New-York. " I certainly thought, that thoſe men, who were on " an intimate footing with Mr. Fauchet, and had " ſome acceſs to Britiſh connections, were the beſt " fitted for obtaining this intelligence." And for this reaſon he recommended the flour-men*. Oh maſter Randolph! maſter Randolph Oh!

Here, then, this worthy ſtateſman was endeavouring to render a moſt important ſervice to his country. His only object being to dive into the machinations, that the Engliſh miniſter and his Congreſs were hatching againſt the United States. A very laudable purſuit.—This ſtory has ſomething in it ſo flattering to human nature, that it is a pity it ſhould be the moſt abominable falſhood that ever iſſued from the procreant brain of a petty fogging politician.

In the firſt place, nobody ſincerely believed, that

* To give the reader ſome faint idea of the volubility of theſe gentlemen when they got together, it will be ſufficient to tell him, that all this plan for coming at the ſecret machinations of the Engliſh; that all the queſtions, and anſwers, and obſervations, and determinations, took them up but juſt " *twenty minutes*," according to both their accounts. They tell us this, becauſe, if they had ſtaid longer cloſeted together, we might have ſuſpected ſome foul play; but they ſhould have taken care, then, to render their recital of what paſſed ſhort; for I, for my part, cannot read what they ſay paſſed between them, in double the time.

the Engliſh had even the ſlighteſt correſpondence or connection with the inſurgents; nor did any body ever, from firſt to laſt, pretend to avow ſuch a belief, that I know of, except Mr. Randolph and a certain Governor. Theſe two gentlemen endeavoured to impreſs the idea of ſuch a connection as well on the mind of the Preſident as on that of the public; but neither of theſe yielded to the inſidious ſuggeſtion. Both very naturally demanded proofs, and proofs were not to be found; unleſs the inſurgents' howling out *liberty and equality*, their planting *liberty trees*, and their wearing *cockades à la tricolor*, were proofs of their attachment to the Engliſh. No one circumſtance that has yet come to light is a ſtronger proof of a deep-laid plot againſt the Federal government than the efforts of theſe men to give this falſe direction to the public mind. While they were making overtures to the French miniſter; while they were endeavouring to feed the inſurrection from that ſource, they threw out, in order to diſguiſe their views, inſinuations that another nation was at the bottom of it.

And, what was this pretended Congreſs of Mr. Hammond at New-York, that it ſhould ſo alarm our Vindicator, and make his friend Fauchet fear, that ſomething would be attempted by it to the prejudice of Mr. Randolph and the "*virtuous*" father-in-law of Citizen Genet? Who compoſed this Congreſs? Why, Mr. Hammond was the Preſident, and his wife, a ſick child, and a nurſe, were the members! A pretty Congreſs this to form machinations againſt the government of the country, and to ſtir up a rebellion in a quarter four or five hundred miles diſtant! This Congreſs, too, was aſſembled at New-York, or rather on Long Iſland, where I do not believe that Citizen Fauchet had *three* or *four*, nor even *one*, flour-contractor; and, if ſo,

how came the wiſe Mr. Randolph to imagine that the contractors would have made a journey from Virginia, were the greateſt part of them were, or even from this city, to New-York, in order to dive into Mrs. Hammond's and her maid's ſecrets? The fellows muſt neceſſarily have remained ſome time there to effect the object of their miſſion; they muſt have went ſkulking about *incognito* like other ſpies, and muſt, of courſe, have run the riſk of kickings and rib-roaſtings in abundance; and all this for what? why truely, for *nothing!* for it would have been for nothing, if they were to receive no more than what was "*due them* on their contracts," and both our certificate makers declare that they were not to have another farthing.

If the overtures had been for money to be employed in the procuring of intelligence of what the Engliſh miniſter was about, is it not natural to ſuppoſe, that Citizen Fauchet would have mentioned this circumſtance in his very confidential letter? Yet, we ſee, that he has not let fall a word about it, either in his letter or in his diſpatch, No. 6. Again, what would his reflections on ſuch overtures have been? He would probably have exclaimed: *Thus, with ſome thouſands of dollars, the Republic could have dived into all the machinations of the Engliſh!* Inſtead of: "Thus with ſome thouſands of dollars, "the Republic could have *decided on civil war or on* "*peace!* Thus the *conſciences* of the *pretended patri-*"*ots* of America have already *their prices!*"—And, let me repeat, what could induce him to talk, in his diſpatch, No. 6. of throwing himſelf on the *pure* principles of his Republic, if nothing was in contemplation but the unravelling of the treacherous deſigns of the Engliſh?

But, I do not reſt upon this negative evidence to diſprove all that the certificate makers have attempted to impoſe on us, on this ſubject. Citizen Fau-

chet has let fall a ſentence in his intercepted letter that proves, that he did not look upon the money overtures as being made with an intention of coming at the ſecrets of the Engliſh; that he never thought the Engliſh at all concerned in fomenting the inſurrection; that he was well perſuaded that the inſurgents never looked for ſupport from them; and that he was fully convinced of the meanneſs and baſeneſs of all thoſe who attempted to propagate ſuch an opinion. "But," ſays he in the 15th paragraph of the letter, "But, in order *to obtain* "*ſomething on the public opinion*, it was neceſſary to "*magnify* the danger, to *diſfigure the views* of thoſe "people [inſurgents], *to attribute to them the deſign* "*of uniting themſelves with England.*—This ſtep ſuc- "ceeded, an army is raiſed, &c. &c." * Here,

* I cannot help, on this occaſion, giving an extract from the firſt part of the *Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats*, which was written ſoon after Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter.

'I muſt be excuſed alſo, if I do not give full credit to what 'the Governor of Pennſylvania aſſerted on this ſubject, when 'he was harranguing the militia officers to perſuade them 'to aſſemble their quotas, for the purpoſe of marching againſt the "Weſtern Brethren." "Liſten," ſaid he, "to the "language of the *Inſurgents*, and your ſpirit will riſe with "indignation. They not only aſſert that certain laws ſhall "be repealed, let the ſenſe of the majority be what it may, "but they threaten us with the eſtabliſhment of an inde- "pendent government, or *a return to the allegiance of Great* "*Britain.*"

'Moſt people thought this was a *bolt ſhot*; but they for- 'got, that he ſaid, in the ſame harrangue, that, "from de- "fects in the militia ſyſtem, *or ſome other unfortunate cauſe*, "the attempts to obtain the quota of militia by regular drafts "*had failed.*" If they had recollected, that, under ſuch 'circumſtances, the end of a harrangue was to "ſtir men's "bloods," and not to be very nice in the ſtatement of facts, 'they would not have been ſurpriſed, that our Solomon (I 'can have no intention to hint, that the wiſe Governor has

then, he unequivocally gives the lye to every word that he has ſaid on the ſubject in his certificate, and to every word that Mr. Randolph has been awkward enough to repeat after him. If he was ſo well informed that all theſe malicious tales about the inteference of the Engliſh, were invented and propagated merely in order *to obtain ſomething on the public opinion*, by *magnifying* the danger and *diſfiguring the views* of the inſurgents, all which, it is clear, he learnt from the precious confeſſions of Mr. Randolph; if he was ſo thoroughly convinced of all this, at the time of writing his letter, in October, 1794, how comes he to recollect, in the month of Auguſt, 1795, that both he and Mr. Randolph did "*really* ſuſpect," that "the Engliſh were foment-"ing the inſurrection?" No; they never ſuſpected any ſuch thing, and they, and all others who pretended to ſuſpect it, have only diſcovered to what pitiful tricks, what political quackery, they were reduced.

One cloſing obſervation on this ſubject. If money had been wanted to obtain intelligence concerning the pretended Congreſs of Mr. Hammond; if this object was ſo near Mr. Randolph's heart as he hypocritically declares it was; whom ought he to have applied to? Whom would he naturally have applied to for the neceſſary ſums? Whom but the

'ever had *three hundred concubines* at a time; human nature 'cannot ſtand that, now a days) they would not, I ſay, have 'been ſurpriſed that our Solomon ſhould chooſe Great 'Britain as a ſpur.

'Reader, when you were a little boy, did you never carry 'on *a ſecret correſpondence* with the pies and tarts; and, when, 'by the rattling of the plates, or ſome other accident, you 'were *like to be caught at it*, did you never *raiſe a hue and 'cry againſt the poor dogs and cats?* Thoſe who look upon the 'conduct of our Democrats as unnatural, forget their own 'little roguiſh tricks.

Preſident of the United States, under whoſe authority alone he could have acted in ſo delicate a conjuncture? He would have laid before him his ſuſpicions of the dreadful Congreſs, and propoſed to him the means the moſt likely of unveiling its machinations; and, if money had been neceſſary, it would, of courſe, have been granted. But, inſtead of this, away he runs to a foreign miniſter, and unboſoms himſelf to him, as if the ſecret was of too much importance to be depoſited in the breaſt of the Preſident, or as if the French had more intereſt in quelling the inſurrection than the United States had. He appears to have looked upon Citizen Joſeph Fauchet as his Father Confeſſor, and for that reaſon it was, I ſuppoſe, he reſerved for his ear, like a pious and faithful penitent, thoſe precious ſecrets that he kept hidden from all the world beſides. In the Council-chamber at Philadelphia he was troubled with a locked jaw; but the inſtant he entered the confeſſional on the banks of the Schuylkill, to which the Citizen ſeems to have retired on purpoſe, the complaint was removed, and he ſaid more in "twenty minutes," than he will be able to unſay in twenty years.

To the ſide of a ſtream, in a deep lonely dell,
Father *Joſeph* retir'd, as a hermit to dwell.
His hermitage, crown'd with a cap tricolor*,
Brought a beggarly pilgrim his aid to implore.
Firſt the holy-man promis'd, and, for his profeſſions,
The *penitent* made him moſt *precious confeſſions*.
Now tell me, dear ſon, ſaid the hermit, your needs:—
Give me, good Father *Joſeph*, a *ſtring of gold beads*.—
A ſtring of gold beads, ſays the hermit, *Parbleu!*
Your requeſt, my dear ſon, appears dev'liſh new.
He told him, in ſhort, he was damnably poor;
Kick'd him out of his den, and ſlam'd to the door.

* Citizen Fauchet's Houſes, both in town and country, were decorated with this ſymbol of orthodox republicaniſm.

It is a great pity we are obliged to quit this delightful theme, to return to the dry mercenary overtures of Mr. Randolph.

As it appears that he cannot perſuade us, that the money was to be employed for the purpoſe of coming at the machinations of the Engliſh, let us now ſee to what purpoſe it is much more likely it was to have been applied.

From the intercepted letter we learn, that, the complying with the overtures would have enabled the French Republic to decide, for this country, *on civil war or on peace;* and, we are told, in the extract No. 6. which has been intruded on us purpoſely to give a favourable turn to this paſſage of the letter, that the money, if obtained, would have put it in the power of *four* men to *ſave the country.* Mr. Randolph, in handling theſe two paſſages, has gone rather beyond his uſual degree of aſſurance. He has taken a phraſe from one and a phraſe from the other, and tacked them together to ſuit himſelf. This done, he boldly aſks: "What "were to be the functions of theſe men?" And then comes out his triumphant anſwer: "*To ſave* "*the country from a civil war.*" This is Lord Peter again with his *totidem verbis.* By running over the two papers, or either of them, this way; culling a phraſe here and a phraſe there, he may make them ſay any thing he pleaſes; and he may do the ſame thing with any other writing. In this manner he may make even the *New Year's Gift* ſay, that he is an upright, worthy, incorruptible man; and God knows how far that is from the ſentiments of the author. Is this phraſe, which he compounded of ingredients taken from two different places, to be found in any part of Citizen Fauchet's diſpatches? Has this tattling Father Confeſſor any where ſaid, that the overtures were for money *to ſave the country from a civil war?* Has he ſaid any

thing that will countenance ſuch an interference? No; his diſpatches, in every rational conſtruction they will bear, clearly lead to a contrary concluſion.

He could have *decided on civil war or on peace.* If we are to underſtand by civil war, *a ſucceſsful oppoſition to the Federal government*, the whole of his letter, from one end to the other, proves that nothing was ſo near his heart. He every where exclaims againſt the ambitious views of the government, and defends the cauſe of the inſurgents. He ſpeaks of them as an oppreſſed people, and of the laws which they were armed to oppoſe, as harſh and unneceſſary. The anarchical aſſembly in the neighbourhood of Pittſburgh, thoſe outrageous villains who inſulted the officers of juſtice, plundered the mail, drove peaceable and orderly people from their dwellings, dragged others forth to indure every other cruelty ſhort of death, and who, in a word, were daily committing robbery and murder; this aſſembly of ruffians he calls, "the "*very pacific* union of the counties in Braddock's "Field! a union which could not juſtify the raiſ-"ing of ſo great a force as fifteen thouſand men.—"Beſides," adds he, "*the principles* uttered in the "declarations of theſe people, rather announced "*ardent minds to be calmed than anarchiſts to be ſub-*"*dued.*" When he comes to ſpeak of thoſe who wiſhed to enforce the exciſe law, he gives way to the moſt bitter invectives, and almoſt curſes the officers of government, who counſelled the marching of the troops. But, at laſt, he is compelled to give an account of the triumph of the Federal army; and here we plainly perceive, by the chagrin he expreſſes at that event, what he would have deſired. He laments that the government will acquire ſtability from it, "*for one complete ſeſſion at leaſt,*" the

diſcredit it will throw on "the *inſurgent principles* "of the *patriots*," and concludes with this, to him, melancholy reflection: "Who knows what will "be the limits *of this triumph?* Perhaps advantage "will be taken by it to obtain ſome laws for *ſtrengthe-* "*ning the government*, and ſtill more precipitating "the propenſity, already viſible, that it has towards "ariſtocracy!"

Who, then, can be ſtupid enough to believe, that if this man had had "ſome thouſands of dol- "lars" to advance, he would have advanced them to aid the government, either directly or indirectly, *againſt the inſurgents*, and *to ſave* the country from a civil war? And yet, this we muſt believe, before we believe, that Mr. Randolph, who was in all his ſecrets, would have made him overtures for that purpoſe.

As to the words, in the diſpatch No. 6. which are allowed to ſignify, *ſave the country*, they muſt not be thus diſjointed from what precedes them. The paſſage is this: "*Scarce was the commotion* "*known*, when the Secretary of State came to my "houſe. All his countenance was grief. He re- "queſted of me a *private converſation*. It is *all over*, "ſaid he to me. A civil war is about to ravage "our unhappy country. *Four men* by their *talents*, "their *influence*, and their *energy*, may *ſave it.*"— Save it from what? Not from a civil war; it was, it ſeems, too late to do that; for it was *all over*. A civil war was to take place, that was a ſettled point, though the *commotion was ſcarcely known*; but *four men*, with the help of Citizen Fauchet's dollars, might ſave the country. That is, bring it out of that civil war, refined and regenerated, and unclogged with the Federal government, or, at leaſt, with thoſe men who thwarted the views of Citizen Fauchet and his nation.

Of all the expreſſions to be found in the Babyloniſh vocabulary of the French Revolution, there is not one, the value of which is ſo preciſely fixed as that before us; *to ſave the country*. When their firſt Aſſembly, the fathers of all the miſeries of their country, violating the powers with which they were inveſted, reduced their king to an automaton, laid their crooked fingers on the property of ſixty or ſeventy thouſand innocent perſons, drove the faithful paſtors from their flocks, and replaced them by a herd of vile apoſtates, they had the impudence to declare, that they had *ſaved their country!* When their worthy ſucceſſors hurled this degraded monarch from his throne, and, after a ſeries of injuſtices, inſults and cruelties, as unmerited as unheard-of, put an end to his ſufferings on a ſcaffold, they, too, had *ſaved their country!* They have ſaved it, alas! again and again! Every ſignal act of their folly and tyranny, every one of their maſſacres, has ended with a declaration of their having *ſaved their country*. Even when they exchanged the Chriſtian Religion, the words of eternal life, for the impious and illiterate ſyſtems of a Paine and a Volney; when they declared the God of Heaven to be an impoſtor, and forbade his worſhip on pain of death; even then they pretended they had *ſaved their country!*——If Mr. Randolph meant to ſave his country in this way, he is welcome, for me, to the excluſive poſſeſſion of the honour due to his zeal. He might ſurely venture to make overtures to Citizen Fauchet for operating a ſalvation of this kind, without the leaſt fear of a rebuff. But, ſtopping ſhort of French ſalvation, he might wiſh to ſave it from the *exciſe*; from the *Treaſurer's plans of finance*; from a treaty with England; and, above all, from that "*ſtrengthening* the government, which "had ſo viſible a *propenſity to ariſtocracy*." Be-

ſides, when a man comes to aſk for a bribe, he muſt have ſome excuſe; for, baſe as he may be, and loſt to ſhame, and well as he may be convinced, that the perſon whom he addreſſes, is as baſe as himſelf; yet, there is a ſomething about the human form, though disfigured with a tricolor cockade, which reminds the wretch, that he has a ſoul.

As a convincing proof that the overtures mentioned by Citizen Fauchet ought to be underſtood, as made to obtain money for ſupporting, in ſome way or other, the inſurrection in the Weſt, and that the whole letter inevitably conveys this meaning, we need no other proof than that furniſhed by Mr. Randolph himſelf. It will certainly be ſuppoſed, that he, above all others, would read this eſſay on bribery and corruption with an anxious and ſcrutinizing eye. We may fairly preſume, that he conned it over with more attention than ever ſchool-boy did his leſſon, or monk his breviary; and that, from the moment he was in his penitential weeds, he repeated the ſome-thouſand-dollar ſentence as often as a devotee catholic repeats her *Ave-Maria*. Yet, notwithſtanding all this; notwithſtanding the intereſt he had in finding ſome other meaning for it; notwithſtanding even his talent at warping and twiſting and turning every thing that falls in his way, we find him, on the 19th of Auguſt, writing to the Preſident thus: "For "I here moſt ſolemnly deny, that any overture e- "ver came from me, which was to produce money "*to me* [and not to flour-merchants], or any others "for me; and that in any manner directly or indi- "rectly, was a ſhilling ever received by me; nor "was it ever contemplated by me, that one ſhilling "ſhould be applied by Mr. Fauchet to any purpoſe, "*relative to the inſurrection.*"—He underſtood, then, the letter to mean, that money was to be received by him, and that it was to be applied to ſome pur-

poſe relative to the inſurrection. This was the charge that he at firſt thought the letter contained againſt him. And when did he begin to think otherwiſe?—After he had been to ſee Citizen Fauchet at Rhode-Iſland, and not a moment before. It was after this edifying *tête-à--tête* with his old Father Joſeph, that he began to recollect all about the flour-merchants and Mr. Hammond's Congreſs; and ſo, with his memory thus refreſhed, he comes back, and tells us in his Vindication. "Mr. Fauchet's letter, indeed, made me *ſuppoſe*, that No. "6. *poſſibly* alluded to ſome actual or proffered *loan* "or expenditure, for the *nouriſhment* of the inſurrection: and, therefore, I thought it neceſſary to "deny, in my letter of the 19th of Auguſt, that "one ſhilling was contemplated by me to be applied by Mr. Fauchet relative to the inſurrection."

Citizen Fauchet's memory, too, was, it ſeems, furbiſhed up by this *tête-à-tête;* for he tells us, in his certificate, that, "*now* calling to mind all the "circumſtances, to which the *queſtions of Mr. Randolph* call my attention, I have an intimate con-"viction that I was *miſtaken in the propoſitions*, which "I *ſuppoſed* to have been made to me."—So, here is a pretty ſtory for you: Mr. Randolph forgets all about the flour-merchants, till he talks to Citizen Fauchet, and Citizen Fauchet forgets all about them, till he talks to Mr. Randolph! Their memories, like a flint and ſteel, could bring forth no light but by friction with each other. If this do not prove a cloſe connection, I do not know what does. Even "their minds," as the poet ſays, "in wed-"lock's bands were join'd."

There is another ſingularity worth notice here. Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter was written on the 31ſt of October, 1794; and, at that time (though it was juſt after the overtures were made), he did not recollect a word about the flour-men, nor a

bout the machinations of the Engliſh: but, on the 27th of September, 1795, that is to ſay, ten months and twenty-ſeven days afterwards, he has an *intimate conviction* of the whole matter; and tells as good a tough ſtory about it, as one can in conſcience expect from a being that kneels down at the ſhrine of a Jack-Aſs. Mr. Randolph, alſo, recollected nothing about it on the 19th of Auguſt; but, in ſome thirty days after, it all came as pat into his head, as if it had but that moment happened.—Rhode-Iſland muſt be like the cave of the Derviſe, where every one that entered ſaw, written in large characters, all the actions of his paſt life. If ſo, no wonder our Adventurers made ſuch haſte to quit it.

I cannot diſmiſs this ſubject, without begging the reader once more to call to mind the ſarcaſms that Citizen Fauchet pours out on the *changeable men*, who ſeconded the views of the government with the moſt ſcandalous oſtentation, who uttered reſolutions and harrangues without end, and who made excurſions to collect troops, " as ſoon as it was de-" cided that the French Republic purchaſed no men " to do their *duty*." Mr. Randolph lays hold of this word *duty*, too, as a drowning man would of a ſtraw, and to juſt as much purpoſe; for, if, by this word, Citizen Fauchet meant the *real* duty of theſe harranguers, they were here in the performance of it. Their duty, their allegiance to the United States, required them to ſpeak forcible to the people, to ſecond the declarations of the general government, and, if ordered, to make excurſions to collect troops; and yet, he tells us, or rather he tells the French government, that they did all this, " as ſoon as it was decided that the French Repub-" lic *purchaſed no men to do their duty*." Hence it is a clear caſe, that what he conceived to be their duty, and what he would have paid them to perform, if he had had money, was exactly the contrary

of all this; and exactly the contrary of this would have been, an oppoſition to the general government, it is probable defeat, and conſequent deſtruction.

After all, to fix the blackeſt guilt on the conſpirators, it is not neceſſary to prove what their preciſe intentions were. It is ſufficient, that we have the cleareſt evidence, that, in conſideration of ſome thouſands of dollars, they would have enabled a foreign nation to decide *on civil war or on peace* for this country. After having, then, ſatisfied ourſelves with reſpect to *who they are*, this is the crime we have to lay to their charge. All their aſſeverations, all their windings and ſubterfuges are vain: they will never waſh away the ſtain, as long as words ſhall retain their meaning, and as long as virtue ſhall hold her ſeat in our hearts and reaſon in our minds.

I have already treſpaſſed on the reader's patience much longer than I intended, and, I fear, longer than he will excuſe; but, as I have promiſed to take ſome notice of the Vindicator's attempt at recrimination, I muſt be as good as my word.

He has exerted his labyrinthian faculties to the utmoſt, in order to make it believed, that the Preſident of the United States ratified the Treaty with Great Britain, under the influence of what he modeſtly terms, a Britiſh faction. With this object in view, he ſays, as addreſſing himſelf to the Preſident: "By my advice the United States would "have been maſters of all contingences at the end "of the campaign. To my unutterable aſtoniſh-"ment, I ſoon diſcovered that you were receding "from your *determination*. You had been reflect-"ing upon your courſe from the 26th of June to the "16th of July; on the latter day you decided on "it; a communication was made to the Britiſh mi-"niſter in conformity with it; letters were addreſſed

" to our own miniſters in conformity to it; they " were inſpected by you, before you reſcinded your " purpoſe; no imperious circumſtances had ariſen, " except the ſtrength of the popular voice, which " would, according to ordinary calculation, corro- " borate, not reverſe, your former reſolution; you " aſſigned no new reaſons for the new meaſures; " and you diſregarded the anſwer to Boſton, al- " though it had committed you upon a ſpecial fact, " namely, a determination not to ratify during the " exiſtence of the proviſion-order. While I was " ſearching for the cauſe of this ſingular revolution; " and could not but remember, that another opi- " nion, which was always weighty with you, had " adviſed you not to exchange ratifications, until " the proviſion-order ſhould be aboliſhed, or the " American miniſter ſhould receive further in- " ſtructions, if it were not aboliſhed; after duty " had dictated to me an acquieſcence in your *va-* " *ried ſentimeuts*, and I had prepared a memorial to " Mr. Hammond adapted to them; after you had " ſigned the ratification on the 18th of Auguſt; " Mr. Fauchet's letter brought forth a ſolution of " the whole affair; thence it was that *you were per-* " *ſuaded* to lay aſide all *fear of a check* from the " *friends of France*; thence it was that *myſelf and* " *the French* cauſe were inſtantaneouſly abandoned."

This appears to be the ſum of Mr. Randolph's ſtatement, the correctneſs of which is, at leaſt, very doubtful; but, not to tire the reader with a diſcuſſion of little importance as to the main point, and in which I might poſſibly err, I ſhall take it for granted, that all that he has ſaid and inſinuated here is ſtrictly true; and then his charge amounts to this: that the Preſident, even after the deciſion of the Senate with reſpect to the Treaty was known, heſitated, from the 26th of June to the 13th of July, as to what courſe he ſhould purſue in regard

to the ratification; that, on the day laſt mentioned, he came to a reſolution not to ratify, until the order of His Britannic Majeſty, for ſeizing proviſions deſtined from this country to France, ſhould be withdrawn; and that, notwithſtanding this reſolution, he did afterwards ratify, leaving the order in force, and that he was induced to this change of conduct from the diſcovery made by Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter.

Now, admitting all this to be ſo, it requires a greater degree of penetration than I am maſter of, to perceive how it proves the Preſident to have ratified the Treaty under the influence of a Britiſh faction, or any faction at all.

It would ſeem, that the Vindicator imagines, that, when a man has once taken a reſolution, he can never change it, without incurring the cenſure of acting under ſome undue influence. How far ſuch a maxim is from being founded in truth the experience of every day will prove. A voluntary reſolution muſt ever be ſuppoſed to be formed upon exiſting circumſtances; and, of courſe, if any thing ariſes that totally alters thoſe circumſtances, it would be mere obſtinacy to adhere to the reſolution. If, for inſtance, a man determines on giving up a part of his income to a friend, and the next day finds that friend plotting againſt his life, muſt he, notwithſtanding the diſcovery, put his determination in practice, or be ſubjected to the charge of acting under ſome undue influence? To maintain ſuch a poſition appears to have been reſerved for Mr. Randolph alone. The true queſtion, therefore, is this: Was the diſcovery, made by Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter, ſufficient to juſtify the Preſident's altering his reſolution, or not?

The only objection that it is pretended the Preſident ever had to ratify the Treaty, as adviſed by the

Senate, was, the exiſtence of the order of the King of Great Britain for ſeizing proviſions deſtined from this country to France; becauſe, he was given to underſtand, that ratifying while this order remained in force, might look like acknowledging the legality of the ſeizure, and might embroil the United States with the French Republic. That this was the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Randolph he now avows; and he even owns; nay, boaſts, that he never would have given his advice in favour of the ratification at all, if he had not remembered, "that "if the *people* were adverſe to the Treaty, it was the "conſtitutional right of the Houſe of Repreſen- "tatives to *refuſe*, upon original grounds, *unfettered* "*by the Senate and Preſident*, to paſs the laws *ne-* "*ceſſary for its execution.*" He has been tempted to make this avowal in order to ingratiate himſelf with the Oppoſition; and the need they have of a man, able and willing to expoſe every ſecret of the Executive, may, perhaps, inſure him a momentary ſucceſs; but the avowal furniſhes, at the ſame time, an irreſiſtible proof of his double dealing. We plainly perceive from this, as well as from all the documents he has brought forward, on the ſubject, that he was the great, if not the only cauſe, of the delaying of the ratification. Firſt he ſtarts objections; then propoſes conferences between himſelf and the Engliſh miniſter; then he drafts memorials; in ſhort, he was taking his meaſures for undoing all that had been done, or, as Mr. Pickering well termed it, for "throwing the whole up in the "wind."

The ſituation of the Preſident was, at this time, truely critical. On the one hand, he ſaw an inſtrument ready for his ſignature, which completed the long-deſired object, an amicable termination of all differences with Great Britain; an object that twenty long years of war and diſputation had not been

able to accompliſh: on the other hand, he was haunted with the feigned, but terrific forebodings of an artful Secretary of State, who loſt no opportunity of repreſenting the conſummation of the act as a juſt cauſe of offence to France, the *faithful* ally of the United States and the favourite of the people. At this embarraſſing moment arrives the intercepted letter of Citizen Fauchet. The charm, that held him in ſuſpence, is at once diſſolved. Here he ſees that the hypocrite in whom he had confided, who firſt awakened doubts in his mind, who had been the cauſe of all the procraſtination, and who had hitherto withheld his hand; here he ſees him at the head of a faction oppoſed to his government, unveiling all its moſt ſecret views to a foreign miniſter, and even making overtures for money, which, if acceded to, would have enabled that miniſter to decide on civil war or on peace for this country. Was it not natural to imagine, that he ſhould now ſee the advice of this "pretended patriot" as a lure to lead him into a ſnare, to render the Treaty abortive, and eventually plunge the United States into a war with Great Britain? And was it not, then, I aſk, as natural, that he ſhould turn from it with indignation and horror? "Hence it was," ſays the Vindicator, "that *myſelf* and the *French cauſe* were "inſtantaneouſly abandoned." And, upon my ſoul, I think it was high time.

In this letter the Preſident ſaw alſo, what it was he had to expect from the *friendſhip* of the regenerated French. Here he finds a foreign miniſter writing a letter that breathes, from the firſt ſyllable of it to the laſt, the moſt treacherous hoſtility to the Federal government. He finds him caballing with ſome of the leading men in the ſtate; reviling his adminiſtration; repreſenting him as the head of an Ariſtocracy; approving of an open rebellion; re-

gretting its want of ſucceſs, and that he had not the means of nouriſhing it. And all this he ſees addreſſed to the rulers of a nation profeſſing the ſincereſt friendſhip for himſelf and the people of America. Was it poſſible that he ſhould ſee any thing here to induce him to delay the ratification of an inſtrument, calculated to inſure peace and uninterrupted proſperity to his country, merely for the ſake of obtaining an advantage for that nation? "Hence," ſays the Ex-Secretary, in his plaintive ſtyle, "Hence it was that he was perſuaded to lay "aſide all *fear of a check* from the *friends of France.*" And well he might; for, what more had he to fear from them? Open war with ſuch people is as much preferable to their intrigues, as a drawn ſword is preferable to a poiſoned repaſt.

The Vindicator, purſuing his plan for opening to himſelf a welcome from the adverſe (and might ſay perverſe) party, inſiduouſly brings forward the remonſtrances againſt the Treaty as a reaſon that ought to have prevented its ratification. Few people, who conſider how theſe remonſtrances were obtained, ever looked upon them as a reaſon of any weight: but, whatever attention they might merit before the diſcovery made by the intercepted letter, they merited none at all afterwards; for, there was, and there is, all the reaſon in the world to believe, that they *originated* from the ſame all-powerful cauſe as did the ſuggeſtions, difficulties and delays of the Vindicator. He would fain perſuade us, indeed, that no money overtures ever paſſed between him and Citizen Fauchet, after the little affair of the flour-merchants; but the method he takes of doing this is rather calculated to produce admiration at his effrontery than conviction of his repentance. Addreſſing himſelf to the Preſident he ſays: "Do you "believe, Sir, that if money was purſued by the "Secretary of State, he would have been rebuffed

" by an anſwer, which *implied no refuſal;* and would " not have renewed the propoſition; which, how- " ever, Mr. Fauchet confeſſes, *he never heard of* " *again?*"—I do not know what the Preſident might believe of the Secretary of State; but one would imagine that even ſuch a rebuff as the Vindicator met with would have prevented any man from returning to the charge; however, I ſhall not contradict him here, as he muſt underſtand theſe things better than I, or, perhaps, any other man living. I haſte to the declaration he quotes from Citizen Fauchet's diſpatch, No. 6. Yes, it is very true that the Citizen ſays in that diſpatch: " I have ne- " ver ſince heard of propoſitions of this nature." But when was this diſpatch written?—Before the 31ſt of October, 1794, and, conſequently, before the intercepted letter; and Mr. Randolph has the conſcience to make this declaration apply to the month of November, 1795. This is another of thoſe little twiſts for which our Vindicator is ſo renowned.

There was great plenty of time for the Citizen to receive a reinforcement from France, before the Treaty made its appearance on this ſide of the Ocean; and the regret he expreſſes at his " *want of pecuni-* " *ary means,*" when the firſt overtures were made to him, ſeems to be a tolerable good reaſon for preſuming that he would ſtrain every nerve to be able to give a more " *ſatisfactory anſwer*" another time, than that concerning " *the pure principles of his Re-* " *public.* I leave any one to gueſs at the low ebb to which he muſt be reduced, when he was obliged to throw himſelf on the purity of the French nation, for want of a little of the ready to purchaſe the " *conſciences* of the *pretended* patriots of America," which were juſt going off as cheap as neck-beef, or damaged goods at vendue! What muſt be the mortification of this ſpeculator in conſciences, when he

had not one ſingle *dollar* to give "*thoſe changeable* "*men*," to prevent them from *harranguing* and iſſuing declarations to "*ſecond the views of the govern-* "*ment!*" Indeed, when the Citizen is upon this ſubject he ſeems to be quite unmanned. His ſituation was like that of a prodigal, who, after having ſquandered his laſt *ſou* on his bawds and paraſites, ſees himſelf deſerted and deſpiſed by them.—"And "the popular ſocieties too," ſays he, giving way to all the anguiſh of his ſoul, "And the Popular So- "cieties too, emitted reſolutions ſtamped with the "ſame ſpirit!" The poor Citizen's grief at this ungrateful defection of his darling Club, puts one in mind of the lamentation of King James, when he heard that his favourite daughter had quitted his palace to join the invader. "God help me," ſaid he, "I am deſerted by my very children!"—This was not the caſe with Citizen Genet: his purſe was ever full, and he had ever a troop of Democrats at his heels. He made his court like Jupiter of old, in a golden ſhower, and, like Jupiter, he ſucceeded. Then was the time for trade: then a patriot's conſcience was as good to him as a little eſtate: he was not then obliged to hawk it about from door to door, like ſtinking fiſh or rotten peaches.

That Citizen Fauchet would preſs the neceſſity of a ſupply there can be no reaſon to doubt, at leaſt from any thing that he has ſaid to the contrary; for, it was the "want of *power* and defect of *pecu-* "*niary means*," that prevented him from yielding to the overtures that were made him; and not his want of inclination to nouriſh the inſurrection in the Weſt. "I ſhall *draw myſelf off*," ſays he, "by "ſome common-place remarks, and by throwing "myſelf on the *pure principles of the Republic.*" He ſays this with a laugh, that very well indicates what he thought of that purity. But, we are not reduced to the neceſſity of forming an opinion on any thing

that he ſays on this ſubject. We know what the pure principles of his Republic are. We have ſeen from a report, made in the Convention, that, at Genoa, theſe pure principles had made ſure of a party, who engaged to open the gates of the City to the French army, and that this plan, after having coſt ſome millions, failed of ſucceſs. In Switzerland, the Convention declares they have ſpent more money in bribes, than would have maintained an army of a hundred thouſand men in the field; but, *point d' argent point de Suiſſe*, according to their own proverb. In Denmark they expended ſuch immenſe ſums in conſequence of their *pure principles*, to the wife of one, and the whore of another, and the laquay of another, and all this under the pretence of purchaſing corn, that the reporter declares, that thoſe who eat the bread made of the corn coming from that country, might be ſaid to ſwallow pure gold*. Conſciences were high there; and yet the expenditure in Denmark is eſtimated at no more than a thirtieth part of what was expended among the republics. It was at Geneva that the ſucceſs of their *pure principles* was complete. Their miniſter at that place adhered to them ſo rigidly, that, in the ſpace of a few months, that devoted City became a little Paris. The conſtitution was deſtroyed, the ſans-culottes let looſe upon the rich; confiſcations, baniſhment and death

* Might not this circumſtance give our certificate makers the idea of flour-merchants? They knew that the thing had ſucceeded in Denmark, and though it was rather inconſiſtent for ſuch a "*true republican* as Mr. Randolph to adopt the practices of monarchical countries, yet, in ſuch a deſperate caſe, the thing might paſs, with a mental reſervation; and, at any rate, ſhould it be a ſin againſt the "*pure principles*" he profeſſed, as he was with his old Father Confeſſor, it was eaſy to obtain abſolution.

followed*.—After this, it is diverting to hear Citizen Fauchet "solemnly declare [in his *certificate*, mind that], that the *morals of his nation*, and the "*candour of his government*, severely forbid the use "of money in any circumstances, which could not "be *publicly avowed.*"—Consummate impudence! The *morals* of a nation that do not now so much as know the meaning of the word! The morals of a nation that, one day in the year, have *Hemp* for their god!—And the *candour* of his government, too! A pretty sort of candour, truely, to profess the tendereſt affection for the President and Congress, while they were preparing to blow them all up. While they were endeavouring to foster a nest of conspirators, who would have sent them all to the guillotine, like the magistrates of Geneva, or swung them up in the embraces of their elastic god!

* The influence of French money at Genoa was such, that when they appeared in its neighbourhood, the patriots planted liberty trees on every conspicuous part of the fortifications. On each of these trees was the following inscription: "*This tree will defend our ramparts better than* "*we can.*"—Let the reader cast his eye on this scene of baseness; let him view this venal cowardly race, hoisting the colours of a nation of whose treacherous designs they were convinced; kissing the hand that held the scourge over them. And, when he has contemplated this spectacle as long as contempt and indignation will permit him, then let him transfer that contempt and indignation to the cockade-men and civic-feasters of America.

This is a proper place to remark, that Citizen Genet was one of those employed in accomplishing the destruction of Geneva. This circumstance accounts for the following sentence of his letter of credence to the Congress: "The "proofs of *zeal and patriotism which he has hitherto given*, "persuade us, that he will conduct himself in a man-"ner to render *his person agreeable.*"—He rendered *his person agreeable* to M . . C . . . and to the Democratic Societies, but to nobody else, I believe.

From the *morals* and *candour* of ſuch people, God defend us!

When Citizen Fauchet informed the Convention of the great bargains that were offered him here, when they found at what a low rate "the *conſciences* "of the *pretended* patriots of America" were ſelling off, it would be to contradict every maxim of trade, to ſuppoſe that the purity of their principles and the morals of their nation would prevent them from enabling him to make a purchaſe; and particularly at the important moment, when the Treaty with Great Britain was to be ratified or rejected. There was, indeed, one difficulty; and that was, the Treaſury of the Convention was nearly as empty as Father Joſeph's purſe or the pouch of his mendicant pilgrim. And, as to aſſignats, beſides their being a tell-tale currency, they never would, as we have no guillotine in the country, have been convertible into food and raiment; ſo that, of courſe, they would have been as deſpicable and deſpiſed waſte-paper, as the *Aurora* of Philadelphia, the *Argus* of New-York, or *Chronicle* of Boſton. This difficulty, however, formidable as it was, appeared as nothing in competition with the object in view. We may well ſuppoſe that their indefatigable financiers would make a laſt effort; would give the nation another ſqueeze, to come at the means of defeating the Treaty. They have a greater variety of impoſts than Mr. Hamilton or even Mr. Pitt: and in a preſſing occaſion like the one before us, they had only to ſet the national razor at work for two or three days, upon the heads of the bankers and merchants, to collect the ſum required: or, if theſe ſhould be grown ſcarce, a drowning of four or five thouſand women might bring them in ear-bobs and

other trinkets * ſufficient to ſtir up fifty town-meetings, and to cauſe two thirds of the Federal Senators to be roaſted in effigy. I would by no means inſinuate, that the citizens, *in general*, who were aſſembled on theſe occaſions, participated in any donation whatever, foreign or domeſtic, for I have never heard of any thing of the kind; except, indeed, at Philadelphia, where, after having hollowed like luſty fellows to "*damn the Treaty*," they were taken and regaled with grog and muddy porter, at a tavern belonging to Patriot *Plato*.§ Dona-

* It appears from a relation of the tranſactions at Nantz, that in that city only, more than three thouſand women were either drowned or ſhot, in the ſpace of a few months, merely for the ſake of their rings, &c. The murderers, as is often the caſe, quarrelled, when they came to divide the booty, publiſhed accuſations againſt each other, and ſo the world has been informed of the "*pure principles* of the Re-"public; the *morals* of the nation!"

The American ladies will do well to be upon their guard with reſpect to French baubles; for it is very probable that their lovely perſons may bear about them ornaments, torn from the bleeding ears and fingers of thoſe females, who were formerly beloved and reſpected like themſelves.

§ This little gentleman, whom the French ladies call the *Garçon fendu*, is ſaid to delight in miſchief like a Jack-Daw. He has amaſſed a great deal of money together, God knows how, which he appears determined to employ in doing this country all the harm in his power. He fully juſtifies the maxim of the naturaliſts, who tells us, that the moſt impotent reptiles are ever the moſt malicious. We have, however, this conſolation: there will be none of his breed to torment our children.

It ſeems to me rather inconſiſtent that this *Pope Jone* ſhould be admitted into a maſculine aſſembly like the Congreſs of the United States; for, though I am far from approving of the indelicate ſcrutiny of the Roman Conclave, yet, I muſt confeſs, that, where there are ſuch grounds for ſuſpicion, I think a legiſlator ſhould be obliged to produce ſome proofs, before he be allowed to aſſiſt in making laws

tions, or "*loans*," of this ſort, ſeldom extend further than the chairman, orators, and committee-men: the multitude, when their vociferations are finiſhed, are generally ſuffered to retire to their cabins, their minds inflated with the ideas of their ſovereignty, but their bellies as gaunt as thoſe of faſting wolves.

Let any one look at the conduct of the leaders in this oppoſition to the treaty, and believe, if he can, that they were not actuated by ſome powerful motive which they dared not openly to avow. They began to emit their anathemas againſt it, long before it was even laid before the Senate. Mr. Randolph proteſts, that he never divulged its contents to any one. How he came to imagine this un-aſked for declaration neceſſary in his Vindication, I know not; but this I know, that almoſt every article of it was attacked in the Democratic papers, *immediately after it was received by the Preſident*, and that too, with ſuch a confidence of its being what it has ſince appeared to be, that it requires ſome-

to govern fathers, mothers, and their progeny. Let him ſpeechify in the Boarding Schools till he is hoarſe, but not in a legiſlative aſſembly.

Sage *Plato* mounted on a three-legg'd ſtool,
Harrangu'd the Miſſes of the Boarding-School,
In accents ſoft as any *Eunuch's* ſong.
Blithe Phyllis thought the ſpeech confounded long.
Two craving appetites her ſoul divide:
She long'd for dinner, and for Damon ſigh'd.
With noſe up-turn'd, ſhe eyes the ſpouting *Sage*;
Each liſping period, but augments her rage.
Oh! god of dinners, ſays th' impatient maid,
And you, Oh! god of love, now lend your aid!
From this vile ſpouter ſet your vot'ry free,
Let her once more roaſt-duck and Damon ſee!
But, if ſhe's doom'd, for ſome unknown offence,
To hear a frothy babbler, void of ſenſe,
Send her a *man*, ye gods! and take this *pigmy* hence.

thing more than the proteſtation of Mr. Randolph, to perſuade me that it was not divulged before its appearance from Mr. Bache's preſs. I will go further, and ſay, that I am well convinced, that the *Letters of Franklin*, which were the firſt pieces that appeared on the ſubject, and to which I more particularly allude here, were originally the work of a *Frenchman**. Father Joſeph, believe me, did not bury himſelf alive on the banks of the Schuylkill purely and ſimply to have leiſure to ſay his *Angelus* and tell his beads. His retirement was not ſo much the effect of piety as of politics.

And who has forgotten the diligence of the oppoſers, the moment the treaty was publiſhed? Did they give it time to circulate? Did they let it come before the people as public acts in general do, and leave them to form a fair and unprejudiced opinion on it? On the contrary, was not every ſpring put in motion to prepoſſeſs them; to fix in their minds a hatred to the meaſure, that truth would not be able to remove? How can we account for indivi-

* As a proof that this is not a new opinion with me, I here inſert an extract from *Plain Engliſh*; page 89.

" Before I proceed any further, it is neceſſary to give you " a brief hiſtory of the *Letters of Franklin*. Whoever " reads theſe letters with the ſmalleſt attention, muſt per- " ceive, that they are, *originally, a French production*. E- " very one of them ends with an addreſs to the paſſions of " the ſovereign people. Theſe declamatory parts betray " their origin in a more ſtriking manner than the reſt of " the performance. Here we ſee a cloſe and ſervile imita- " tion of the illiterate new-fangled jargon of the French " Convention; a heterogeneous mixture of inſolence, ſer- " vility, vaunting, and lamentation."

Such was my opinion of the *Letters of Franklin* in the month of July laſt; before Mr. Randolph's ſcandalous affair was ever talked or dreamt of, in this country, and conſequently before I could ſuſpect that the contents of the treaty had been divulged by him.

duals' quitting their homes, neglecting their buſineſs, and ſacrificing, *to appearance*, their intereſts, to carry this inſtrument to the extremities of the Union, and there form combinations againſt it, in order to intimidate the Preſident from a ratification? How can we poſſibly account for the *French flag* being hoiſted at the town-meetings as a ſignal of oppoſition to the treaty*? What can ſolve this myſtery, unleſs it be Citizen Fauchet's intercepted letter?

We all remember the hue and cry that was raiſed by the adverſe party, their alarm, when the old Father Confeſſor and his diſpatches were like to be taken by the Engliſh ſhip, the Africa. They trembled, and not without reaſon. If his nine (I believe there were nine of them) *cartons* had fallen into the hands of the Preſident, we ſhould then, indeed, have ſeen real machinations unravelled. Then might we have examined the whole account, run over all the items of corruption, known the price current of conſciences, and the exact value of every individual patriot. We ſhould then have ſeen, perhaps, how much it coſt the French Republic to have a ſtone hurled at the head of Mr. Hamilton†; how much ſhe pays for an eſſay from *Valerius*, an harrangue from the *Garçon-fendu*, and a ſentence of "damnation" from the Preſident of the Democratic Society‡. Then, too, might we have diſcovered, what ſum is neceſſary, to make one judge quit his awful functions, to head a tumultuous populace, and another, make a ſilly, vulgar, butcher-like propoſal for "ſeizing Great Britain by the throat and ſtrangling her." And then might we have ſeen, what could induce the verſatile "*Pennſylvania Farmer*," to forget the meek, the humble, the peaceful principles of his ſociety, utter a phillipic of ſublimated nonſenſe, breathing

* See *Plain Engliſh*, page 108. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. p. 109.

nothing but rancour and oppoſition, and accept of the burning of the Senators of Delaware before his door, as a ſacrifice to his patriotic zeal.

Unfortunately theſe *cartons* were not intercepted; but all the proceedings of the oppoſers were ſuch, that, when explained by the intercepted letter, there could remain little or no doubt with reſpect to their real views; and no one, except a willing dupe, could any longer heſitate to declare, with the Secretary of War, "that the ſtruggle to defeat the "Treaty was the act of a *deteſtable and nefarious* "*conſpiracy.*"

Will any one believe, then, that the Preſident, with this conviction on his mind, ſtood in need of Britiſh influence to determine on a ratification? What other determination could he poſſibly take? Was he, though he ſaw the pit open before his eyes, to plunge headlong into it? Was he, after having diſcovered the conſpiracy, tamely to yield to its machinations, and aſſiſt in the ruin of his country? There was but one courſe for him to purſue to make the government reſpected, and blaſt all the hopes of the conſpirators, and that was to ratify the Treaty. By this act he preſerved to us the ineſtimable bleſſings of peace, gave ſtability to the Conſtitution, not only for *one*, but for many *ſeſſions*, by a legal and manly exerciſe of the powers it has veſted in him, convinced the French that the intereſts of the Union are not to be ſacrificed to her vengeance or caprice, and ſhowed to the whole world, that we wiſh to live in friendſhip with all nations, but that we are determined to be the ſlaves of none. And yet this act, Mr. Randolph would perſuade us, was the work of a Britiſh faction!

Thus has the Vindicator failed in all his attempts. On the article of corruption, of which we before doubted, we now doubt no longer; and as to his

indirect accuſation againſt the Preſident, it only ſerves to ſhow that one who, with unbluſhing front, can aſk a bribe, will never be aſhamed to publiſh his ingratitude and apoſtacy.

I will not, like him, conclude by calling on the people to judge between him and the Preſident of the United States. Their reſpect for the latter would not, I truſt, for a moment endure the competition; for, in ſpite of all the deſperate efforts of a diſappointed faction, their confidence in General WASHINGTON is, and will remain, unſhaken. His name will be handed down to their children's children, and ever accompanied with gratitude, love, and admiration. It will be the ornament of the hiſtorian's page, while that of Randolph, ſhould it be ſo unfortunate as not to ſink into oblivion, will be thrown into ſome dark corner, among the "changeable men" and "pretended patriots of "America."

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